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THE GREAT EVENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the famous Quaker City there's a tremor of delight,
Where the shutters twinkle gayly and the steps are snowy white;
Where the patriotic citizen loves deftly, best of all,
To saunter in the shadow of his Independence Hall.

The meek and lowly managers, intent on every chance,
Are very busy figuring their profits in advance;
While the actors, from "utility" to him who plays Macbeth,
Are girding up their loins, prepared to work themselves to death!

The "stars" who have "Centennial time" are jubilant indeed,
While those who haven't don't believe the venture will succeed;
But none by word of prophecy the future truth can trace,
Because there's "no criterion to go by" in the case!

From many States there comes a cry of rage from frantic men
That they should help to advertise the town of William Penn.
New York is quiet, for she scents great wealth in glittering piles,
While Philadelphia works away, and only winks and smiles.

Will people in such numbers seek the Pennsylvanian gates,
That all the money must be drained from out the distant States?
Full many a wailing business-man has mournfully confessed
That what is Philadelphia's "meat" will "kill" the South and West.

The people of a mighty land should banish thoughts so base—
Let us from patriotic hearts all sordid fears efface;
And, since in freedom's name we meet, no better place we know,
Than in the city of her birth, "one hundred years ago."

EDWARD E. RIDDER.

FROMENT & RISLER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[The French Academy, Paris, awarded its Medal for Literary Excellence in 1875 to M. Daudet because of this story, which within six months reached its Eighth Edition.]

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

CHAPTER XV—CONTINUED.

It happened that the very apartment where he had lived so long with his brother was to let. He went in and engaged it, and stood a while before the old, familiar sign of the Delobelles:

Mmes. Delobelle,
Birds and Flowers for Millinery.

The door was half open; he had only to push it to enter. Peaceful haven for his disturbed soul. He knew that Desiree loved him dearly, and that was now a solace to him. They talked of indifferent things while Madame Delobelle set the table.

"You will dine with us, of course, Frantz," she said. "Father is gone to the shop with the work, but he will be sure to be back to dinner." This remark was made with pride. Domestic, excellent husband that he was.

Sad to relate, since his schemes of management had come to nothing, the illustrious Delobelle no longer dined out, even when he received the pay for his wife and daughter's work. The unlucky manager was so deeply in debt at the restaurant that he did not dare go there again. But, by way of revenging himself, every Saturday he brought home unexpectedly two or three "old friends." This evening, when he made his appearance, he was flanked by an actor from Metz and a comedian from Angiers, both out of an engagement.

The Angiers comedian, smoothly shaved, wrinkled and shriveled by the glare of the footlights, looked like an old boy; the other was buttoned up so as to show no linen. Delobelle pompously announced them at the door, but the sight of Frantz interrupted the introduction.

"Frantz! my Frantz!" cried the old stroller in a melodramatic voice and flourishing his arms about; then, after a long embrace, he presented his two friends.

"Mons. Robricart, from the theatre of Metz."

"Mons. Chandeau, from the theatre of Angers."

"Mons. Frantz Risler, civil-engineer."

"Civil-engineer" from the lips of Delobelle sounded important.

Desiree made a face when she saw her father's friends. It would have been so pleasant to have had only the family present at such a time. But the great man cared little for his daughter.

He had a good deal to do in unloading his pockets. First he drew out a delicious *pate*, "for the ladies," he said, forgetting that he liked nothing better—sausages, iced chestnuts, cherries, the first of the season.

While the tragedian dragged up an invisible collar, and the comedian gesticulated in an old-fashioned way at every word he uttered, Desiree thought with terror of the immense hole this improvised repast would make in the resources of the week, and poor old mother Delobelle, frightened out of her wits at such extravagance, overturned everything in the cupboard in the effort to find a sufficient number of dishes.

The dinner passed off gayly notwithstanding. The two famished actors devoured everything before them to the delight of Delobelle, who recalled with them, his old stirring adventures. In a species of theatrical lingo they related their former triumphs, and to hear them one would have thought that the whole three had been applauded, crowned, and even chaired around by whole cities wild with enthusiasm. Then they fell upon their fellow-actors, discussing their merits, and even the actresses and their ages were satirically discussed.

"He can't act," one would say.

Another: "She's fifty if she's a day. Why, she was playing leading business when I was a little boy."

Delobelle: "You remember my great success at ——"

"Yes, the same night I made my great hit in ——"

"Twenty years ago," etc., etc., etc.

They ate in stage fashion, sitting on the edge of the chair, with their faces to the audience, with the exception of a haste now and then to theatrical meals, alternating words and mouthfuls, ready to express intense astonishment, joy or terror by the aid of a knife and fork.

Madame Delobelle smiled. A woman is not the wife of an actor for thirty years without getting to know the way of the profession.

A little corner of the table appeared to be separated from the rest of the guests by a light cloud, which shaded off the stupid talk, loud laughs, and vulgar boastings.

Destree and Frantz conversed in a low tone, without hearing what was said around them. They called up incidents of their childhood, anecdotes of the neighborhood, all the vague past, which was worth nothing, except by the remembrances evoked.

Suddenly the cloud was rent asunder, and the terrible voice of Delobelle interrupted their dialogue in a demandina of Frantz, whom he did not wish to appear to slight:

"You have not seen your brother yet? nor his wife? You will find her a fine lady, I can tell you! Silks, satins, carriages and horses—a regular castle at Asnieres. They've distanced us! When one is rich, my dear friends—if they're poor. Never a word for us, never a visit! As far as I am concerned, I don't care; but it is wounding for the ladies."

"O papa!" said Desiree, "you know well that we love Sydonie too much to feel hard about it."

The illustrious Delobelle struck the table with his fist.

"You are wrong. You should feel hard towards those people who only seek to wound and humiliate you."

Risler's refusal to furnish funds to buy him a theatre still rankled in his heart, and he did not conceal his rancor.

"If you knew," he said to Frantz, "how wasteful she is, and it is a pity, because there is nothing soi-i, nothing sensible, in her squandering. I—I asked your brother for a small loan which would have assured my future, and resulted in considerable profit to him, and would you believe that he refused? yes, point-blank. My lady exacts so much —she rides horseback, or goes to the races in a grand carriage. Between ourselves, I don't believe he is happy—that wife of his shows him up in every way."

He winked at the actors knowingly, and they understood, and winked back and grimaced, and, for a moment or two, a remarkable pantomime took place between the trio.

Frantz was thunderstruck. In spite of himself the terrible certainty came pouring in upon him from all sides. Sigismund had spoken in his way, Delobelle in his—the result was the same.

Happily, the dinner finished at this point. The three actors rose from the table and went to the brewery. Frantz remained alone with "the ladies."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AVENGER.

In seeing Frantz near her, tender and affectionate, Desiree felt a sudden throb of gratitude to Sydonie. She said to herself that, after all, it was to her generosity that she owed this semblance of happiness, and the thought gave her courage to defend her old friend. She said:

"You must not believe, Frantz, all that my father tells you of your sister-in-law. He always exaggerates a little, you know. I know Sydonie is incapable of doing all they accuse her of. Her heart is the same, and she still loves her old friends, although she neglects us a little. Such is life. People are separated without wishing to be so—isn't that true, Frantz?"

Oh, how beautiful he thought her when she spoke thus! And when he left that evening, softened by the warmth with which she had defended Sydonie, he recalled with pleasure how she had loved him, and thought perhaps that she would love him again. This hope he guarded in the bottom of his heart, as the woodcutter flies back to the roof-tree when life has wounded him.

All night in his old room he dreamed of the old times, of Desiree, of Sydonie, of their play, of their work.

The morning came. He was still dreaming, when the door opened and a familiar voice cried:

"Oh, but I am happy!"

Although the day was Sunday, Risler had gone to the factory, and had learned that his brother had returned, and was hurt to think he had not spent his first evening with him. Frantz excused himself on the score of fatigue, and the pleasure he had experienced at finding himself in their old rooms.

"But, man, you must come with me to Asnieres. It is my little wife who will be surprised to see you! And happy, too! We talk so often of you."

He overflowed with joy—he, the silent, became talkative, admired Frantz, said that he had grown. While Risler inspected him. Frantz on his side was observing him attentively. He found him the same, and said to himself:

"No; it is not possible. My brother is still an honest man."

Then his choler turned against the shameless, hypocritical woman who had with barefaced impunity betrayed this simple and honest man. She had placed him in the light of passing for her accomplice. But he would have a terrible explanation with her—he would talk to her severely. He would say: "I forbid you to cast shame and dishonor on my brother—I am his avenger!"

While they were going to Asnieres Frantz thought only of this; Risler talked of everything, told him about the new invention which was going to revolutionize the entire wall-paper world and make everybody's fortune, and heaped blessings on the Froments, who had started him in life. His cup of happiness was full. Sydonie was the best of wives, a love of a woman, whom it was an honor to win and wear. They had a charming home, where they received the most distinguished people. Sydonie sang like a bird, thanks to Madame Dobson's excellent method—Madame Dobson was a good creature. There was only one thing troubled him—an inexplicable coldness on the part of his old friend Sigismund, but Frantz would help him clear up that mystery.

"Oh, yes," Frantz replied between his clenched teeth—he would aid him, and his color rose at the idea that such frankness and loyalty as his brother's could have been so vilely misconstrued. Happily, he—the avenger—had arrived. He would right everything.

They drew near to the villa. It was so sumptuous in its appointments that Frantz was dazzled. Voices were heard singing. Risler stepped lightly.

"It is Sydonie singing with Madame Dobson. How astonished she will be! She doesn't expect me before evening. Guess who I've got with me!" he cried at the door like a child.

Madame Dobson, who was alone at the piano, made one bound off the stool and landed at the back of the parlor, where she dropped into a chair before a table, and seemed to be engrossed in drawing.

George and Sydonie sat up straight in an instant.

"Why, how you frightened me!" exclaimed Sydonie, running to Risler. She was already over the embarrassment she had felt at his unexpected entrance, and with a cordial air and eternal little smile she held out her hand to Frantz, saying:

"Good-day, my brother."

Risler left them standing face to face, and went to young Froment, whom he was much astonished to see there.

"Why, George," said he, "you here! I thought you were at Savigny."

"Yes, certainly; but, thinking that on a Sunday I should find you here, I came over on business."

And rapidly he plunged into some seemingly important order.

After exchanging a few insignificant words with Frantz, Sydonie disappeared.

The situation would have been a critical one but that the unsuspecting, good-humored Risler banished all restraint. He wanted to show Frantz the villa, so the gentlemen went from the parlor to the stables, and all over. Everything was new, brilliant, shining, but small and inconvenient.

"But there's a great deal of money in it," Risler informed them with a touch of pride. He was so grateful to the Froments, who, in taking him as a partner, had made his fortune, that he kept ringing the changes on their goodness.

At each outburst Frantz looked at George in so singular a way that he soon felt embarrassed and ashamed.

Breakfast—as the French call their midday meal—was served.

Madame Dobson was the only one to talk much, and in the midst of so theatrical a situation she was in her element. She knew the history of her friend—that is, as Sydonie told it—and understood the cause of Frantz's anger, the disquiet of George at seeing an old rival reappear; so she consoled him with a smile, admired Sydonie's self-possession, and experienced a feeling of disdain for the ferocious tyrant Risler.

Thanks to her efforts, silence was at least avoided.

Breakfast being finished, George said he must return to Savigny. Risler did not press him to stay, knowing that if he did poor Claire would be compelled to pass her Sunday alone; but he insisted on walking as far as the depot with him, overwhelming him with hospitality.

Madame Dobson soon left Frantz and Sydonie in the garden, and, going to the piano, began to sing in a low voice, the smothered music, stealing across the foliage, sounding like the cooing of birds before a storm.

At last they were alone!

They sat a while in silence. The May sun was warm, and Sydonie shaded her eyes with her hand. They affected to be quite independent of each other; but suddenly each turned at the same instant, moved by the same thought.

"I have something to say to you," said he.

"And I to you. But come this way—we shall be undisturbed here."

Together they entered a little pavilion at the end of the garden.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EXPLANATION.

In truth, it was time that the Avenger appeared!

The woman eddied wildly around and around in the Parisian maelstrom. Held up by her own lightness, she kept afloat still; but the extravagance and luxury which she ostentatiously displayed, the contempt she entertained for the proprieties of life, all announced that she would soon founder, dragging with her the honor of her husband, and, perhaps, the wealth and name of a great house ruined by her madness.

The very spot where now she lived hastened her destruction. In Paris, in the quarters where the small dealers are curious and talkative, she had been obliged to be circumspect; but at Asnieres, surrounded by villas occupied by all grades of people with different ideas and reputations, she no longer cared to keep up appearances, even.

She was surrounded by an atmosphere of vice which she respired without disgust.

A pistol-shot in a neighboring house one night set the country people talking and speculating, and made her wish for like adventures and notoriety.

When she was not walking out, dressed in the most absurd of the present fashions, she sat at home in a wrapper, doing nothing, not even attending to her house, while the servants stole from her, right and left, without her knowing anything about it. Sometimes when she would gallop through the country at breakneck speed, or pass hours talking with the kitchen girls of neighboring cottages.

Her marriage elevated her into the best classes of commercial circles in France. From that rich and respectable position she gradually sank to her ancient level—indeed, below it. As to George, her eccentricities amused him. He was the husband, the master of the house.

TONY PASTOR, Comic Vocalist.

would bring bachelor friends to visit her, but never ladies, Dobson was her only female friend.

They got up grand dinners, boating parties, fireworks and picnics. Every day Risler's position became more ridiculous and shocking. When he came home of an evening, tired, in his business-suit, and wanted to spend a quiet hour or two with her, he had to go and dress.

"Hurry, hurry," she would say; "we have company to dinner."

He took his place at table last, giving a slight shake of the hand to his guests, whose names he hardly knew, but they were friends of young Froment.

George invited his friends with the calm assurance of the man who pays, saying to his partner:

"We must ask them. These are business dinners," which quite satisfied Risler; it explained the continual presence of George himself, the choice of his guests, and the marvelous toilets of Sydonie; all was done in the interest of the business. A new trouble arose for George—surrounded and flattered by dashing young men of the best class, Sydonie developed into a confirmed coquette, and drove him to despair. He was always distrustful and uneasy, fearful of leaving her to herself.

"What has become of your husband?" growled old Gardinois one day to Claire. "Why don't he stay here more?"

Claire excused him as well as she could, but his neglect commenced to make her unhappy. Almost daily she received a little note or dispatch from him saying: "Don't wait dinner for me, darling. I cannot get to Savigny before day after to-morrow by the night train."

Sadly she dined without him, and without knowing that she was deceived—that he loved another. His frequent absences, not to be accounted for on the score of business, forced into her heart the conviction that he no longer cared for her. Of late she had seen very little of Sydonie, and knew nothing of what was transpiring at Asnieres.

When George did come, it was little more than for occasional changes in dress, and he would hurry away again, hardly giving her time to ask a question, and certainly never answering one. It was always the same excuse—"Business, business!"—so that, gradually and with deep grief, Claire prepared herself for some great calamity, she hardly knew what.

Her husband was very little happier than she was, for there is a law of compensation, after all.

Sydonie seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him, in driving him into a jealous fury. She allowed everyone to pay court to her. There was a certain tenor named Cazabon, introduced by Madame Dobson, who came daily to practice with Sydonie most disquieting duets. George used to leave the factory early in the afternoon, and run out to Asnieres for the purpose of surprising Sydonie. He inveighed against the stupid blindness of Risler, who did not watch his wife closely enough; he wanted him blind only so far as he was concerned.

If he had been her husband, he would have watched her! But he was not, and had no right over her, and Sydonie did not scruple to tell him so in good round terms. Also, as he deceived others, he was afraid of being deceived himself. The greater part of his time he was buying jewelry and other beautiful presents as surprises for her. He knew he could please her with trinkets, but that he could not retain her love, for O, men! "you may call these delicate creatures yours, but not their appetites."

He trembled for fear the day would dawn when she would tire of him, but she had not tired of him yet.

She looked upon him as a second husband, younger, and, above all, richer than the first. She had brought her parents to Asnieres and settled them in a little cottage some distance off, making a sort of honorable shield of them, surrounding herself with respectability when she felt she needed it most.

Thus everything was beautifully arranged and going tranquilly, when Frantz the avenger suddenly arrived.

The moment she saw him enter the house she knew her repose was menaced, that something serious would take place between them.

In a minute her plan was ready. The pavilion was a circular room, with four windows commanding a view of the surrounding country. Like all the rest, it was magnificently furnished.

Sydonie sank into an easy-chair, and arranged her elegant train to show to the best advantage.

Frantz remained standing, looking around him; then, pale with passion, he remarked in a tone of assumed calm:

"Pray accept my compliments, madam; you know how to make yourself comfortable. To whom do you owe all this luxury—to your husband, or your lover?"

"To both of them," she replied coolly.

He was a little disconcerted by her frankness.

"Then you avow that he is your lover."

"Well, yes."

Frantz looked at her a moment. She was pale as well as himself, in spite of her self-possession, and the eternal little smile no longer played around the corners of her mouth.

"Listen to me, Sydonie. The name of my brother, which he has given to his wife, is mine also. Since Risler is fool enough and blind enough to let himself be dishonored by you, it falls upon me to defend him against you. I charge you to direct Monsieur Froment to change his sweetheart at once, and go and ruin himself elsewhere. If you do not ——"

"Well," she said, playing with her rings, "if I do not ——"

"If not, I will advise my brother of what is taking place, and you will be surprised to find that he can be as violent on occasions as he is ordinarily harmless and peaceful. My revelation will perhaps kill him, but it will also kill you first."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, let him kill me. What does it matter?"

She said this with such a hopeless air that, in spite of himself, Frantz felt pity for the beautiful young creature who spoke of death with such indifference.

"You love him, then, this Froment, so much that you prefer death to renouncing him."

"Love him! I love that ninny—that silly girl in men's clothes!—I! ha! ha! No; I accepted him as I should have accepted any other."

"Why?"

"Because I was mad; because I had then, and still have, in my heart a criminal love which I must pluck out, though it kill me."

She arose, fixed her eyes on his as she spoke, her mouth near his, her whole frame trembling.

A criminal love! whom did she love?

Frantz dared not ask.

But the role of avenger which he had cast himself forced him to know all.

"Who is it?"

"You will know—it is you!"

She was his brother's wife. For two years he had never thought of her except as a sister. In his eyes the wife of his brother in no wise resembled his former betrothed, to whom he had so often said: "I love you." Now he considered it a crime—now, now that she said it "I love you." The wretched avenger was thunderstruck, and could not find a word to say. Still facing him, she waited. Upon the soft air stole the notes of a love-song Madame Dobson was singing:

"They tell me thou wilt wed her—
Then be sweet, I must die."

"Yes, Frantz," she continued, "I have always loved you. I renounced that love because I was a young girl, and young girls hardly know what they do. Nothing has ever been able to efface that love. When I thought that Desiree loved you too, she was so wretched, so deformed at birth, that in a moment of generosity I determined to insure her happiness at the sacrifice of my own, and I gave you up for her sake. When you were gone I realized what I had done, that the terrible sacrifice was beyond my strength. Poor Desiree! how often since have I cursed her from the bottom of my heart! Since then I have avoided seeing or meeting her. The sight of her awakened all my grief."

"If you loved me," said Frantz in a low voice, "why did you marry my brother?"

"To be near you, to draw closer to you, I said to myself. I could not be his wife—I will be his sister. As a sister, at least, I may be permitted to love him, and our whole lives will not be passed as strangers to each other. Those are the dreams I dreamed at the age of twenty, and of which experience so soon has shorn me the falsity. I have not been able to love you as a sister, Frantz, and my marriage prevented me from forgetting you. With another husband I might have succeeded—with Risler it was terrible. He was always talking of you, of your success, of your future. He loves you so. And what was most painful for me was the resemblance between you, in the voice especially, so that when he had caressed me I have often shut my eyes and said to myself: 'It is he—it is Frantz.' This thought, obtaining possession of me, has nearly turned my brain. I sought to forget it and in one such moment I listened to George Froment, to his persuasions to change my quiet life for one of excitement and gayety. But I swear to you that in that mad whirlwind of pleasure, where I have let myself be borne, I have never ceased to think of you; and if any one has the right to make me render an account of my conduct, it is certainly you, who, unknowingly, have made me what I am."

She was silent.

He did not dare to speak. He felt the old love rush back into his heart, and—she was his brother's wife.

He fell heavily into a chair, gasping: "Oh, wretched, wretched, both!"

He buried his head in his hands. Again on the air was borne the sweet, plaintive voice of the music mistress: "Thou knowest I shall die." Then the air changed, it became more lively: "Poor little Ma'mselle Zizi!"

At the name of Zizi there rushed into Frantz's mind the memory of Desiree, who had loved him for so long, and whom in childhood's days they used to call Zizi.

Sydonie laid her hand gently on his arm. He shook it off, saying to himself: "I will take refuge in Zizi's love; she shall save me from temptation. Save me! save me!" and, unconsciously uttering the last words aloud, he rushed to the door, and almost into his brother's arms.

"Save you? Of course I will, brother—from what?" asked Risler, in his cheery voice. "We have been looking everywhere for you two. I saw Froment safely off, and see, Sydonie, who I have brought to dine with us!"

Monsieur and Madame Chebe hung heavily on each arm.

Poor Risler! how hard he tried to please his wife.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POOR LITTLE MLLE. ZIZI.

Ah! how happy Desiree was. Frantz came every day, as in the good old times, to sit on the little low chair at her feet, and, better still, he did not now come to talk of Sydonie. Each morning, at the time when she began work, the door would open softly: and she would hear his "Good-day, Mlle. Zizi"—he always gave her that pretty diminutive of a name—and how sweetly his voice sounded to her when he said "good-day, Mlle. Zizi!" In the evening, while they awaited together his return home of her father, Frantz would make her tremble by the recital of his journeys and adventures.

"What has happened to you? You no longer seem the same," Mme. Delobelle said to her daughter, astonished at seeing her so cheerful always, and still more at seeing her moving about with unwonted activity.

Instead of remaining as formerly, sunk all the while in the cushions of the great arm-chair, wearing the air of a grandmother, the little lame girl found some excuse for getting up and going to the window, moving with a springy step—as if she were trying invisible, growing wings—holding herself up at straight as possible, and from time to time asking: "Does that show very much when I walk, mother?"

Yes, Desiree Delobelle was happy.

For several days Frantz spoke of their taking a little jaunt into the country, and, as the kind and generous Delobelle was so gracious as to give his consent, they set out one Sunday morning.

It was a beautiful day. "When Desiree opened her window, at six o'clock that morning, she saw the sun making luminous the matinal fog, and she thought with rapture of the fields and trees and flowers, the many miraculous beauties of nature, which she had not seen for so very long a time, and which she was now about to enjoy more fully, in company with Frantz. The noises of the street—different on Sunday from those of any other day in the week—began to mount to her ears. Those noises were from the pavement, not from the street. It was the holiday of the poor, and the happiness which it brought lighted up even the cheeks of the little charcoal venders. Long and deliciously she enjoyed that early-morning reverie.

The night before, Frantz had brought her a pretty little parasol, with an ivory handle. This when she was dressed, gave a fine finish to her simple but neat toilet, which was such as became a poor, infirm little creature who did not wish to be noticed, yet was sufficient to render her charming.

At nine o'clock Frantz came with a coach, which he had hired for the day, and ascended to the Delobelle apartments to take down his guests. Mlle. Zizi descended alone, without hesitation, leaning upon the balustrade as she went. Mme. Delobelle was immediately behind, watching over her. The illustrious comedian sprang before young Risler, to open the carriage-door with a grand flourish.

Oh! what a happy day they spent in that long, enjoyable drive—through the beautiful country! among the beautiful trees! by the side of the beautiful river! Do not ask where it was. Desiree never knew; but, had you asked her, she would have told you that the sun was more brilliant there than elsewhere, that the birds' songs were sweeter, the flowers more rich with perfume, the woods more full of shade—and she would have believed all that she said.

When she was a child she had been taken on some long walks in the country, but her later life knew no such happy days. Misery, toil and an invalid's sedentary life had kept her a prisoner in the city. What joy swelled her heart when she again found herself breathing the pure air of the country! Wild with pleasure, and her youth brought back to her, she passed from astonishment to astonishment, clapping her hands, uttering little cries like a bird, and even forgetting her lameness in her joy. Indeed, the little girlish bounds with which she moved, as curiosity led her from one object to another, concealed the defect in her gait to a great degree—so much so that one would have had to look closely to observe it.

Above all other delights, Frantz was by her side, ready to assist her over the trenches as they walked in the fields, to gather flowers for her, to speak with her so kindly and tenderly.

She brought back with her—when that marvelous day was over, having passed like a vision of unalloyed bliss—a souvenir, a little bunch of violets and moss which Frantz had gathered for her. Her happiness continued for days thereafter. Springtime, youth, song, perfume of flowers and sweet memories transfigured her dismal little workshop on the fifth floor, and she said to her mother, while gazing at the little bunch of violets:

"Have you remarked, mother, how very sweetly the flowers smell this year?"

Frantz also began to be under the charm. Little by little Mlle. Zizi filled his heart and drove away the remembrance of Sydonie. It is true that he, so far as laid in his power, aided this change. He was constantly near Desiree. Not once had he dared to return to Asnieres. The one who was there still made him tremble with fear.

"Why don't you come down to us? Sydonie has been asking for you," Risler would say to him from time to time when he saw him enter the factory. But Frantz held out, giving all sorts of business affairs as a pretext for putting off his visit always until the next day. It was easy to do so with Risler, who was now more than ever before occupied with his invention, which they were now just about beginning to put into successful operation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

O, take my hand within your own,
And hold it close, close to your heart;
For see how weak and cold it's grown,
And we are now to part—to part.

O, out of pity, smile once more,
And let your dear eyes on me rest;
Can it be true that *all* is o'er,
That love is dead within your breast?

Alas! my kisses thrill you not;
And yet you once did name them "sweet;"
And I have seen you—ah, false heart!—
In adoration at my feet.

O, take my hand within your own,
And hold it next your deadened heart;
For see how cold, how cold it's grown—
My love, my life, we part—we part.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Snow and ice covered the pavements. The mimic streams, half-mud, half-water, that were wont to run down the gutters, had solidified. The windows were deftly "frosted" by the icy and fantastic breath of the air. The poor jaded omnibus and car horses shivered as they rested for a moment, and strained and slipped when in motion. The cry of the ubiquitous newsboy was feebly uttered as he dodged from one shelter to another. The little street-sweeper's occupation was gone. The venders of "notions" had, for the most part, disappeared, and the journey of the peripatetic apple-woman for the day was over. The roasters of chestnuts still lingered, stamping their feet and rubbing their hands over the little charcoal fires. The rich man muffled himself closely, and hurried home to warm feasts and glowing anthracite, and the poor to hovel and garret to fight want and cold as best they might. A bitter, wintry night was closing around, dark and desolate, and Death was brooding, with heart of ice and skeleton hand of destruction, over the great city.

It was an evening of some Church observance. The bells of Trinity and many less aristocratic places of worship rang out sharp and clear, and from the arched and painted windows streamed a warm light, fraught during its passage upon the air of warming and the crown of triumph. From the numerous places of amusement, too, stole sweet music and rosy gleams, and the hot breath of well-fed furnaces gave assurance that, within, the old graybeard Winter might rave and shake his icy locks in vain.

But all poor little, low-wary little, those listening to the swelling organ-tones or those of the orchestra—listening to the eloquent words of preacher or player, watching the flutter of ministerial robes or the fleecy gauze of the "Queen of the Ballet"—gave thought to those wandering without, pinched with hunger and cold, plodding with weary tread—the homeless, houseless wretches to whom Death would have come as a dear friend.

By the mute "city of the dead," in the heart of the city of the living—by the graveyard of Trinity—wandered a young girl, white as the snow lying undisturbed upon the mossy tombs—haggard as want could make her, hollow-eyed as starvation—thinly clad, almost, as the children of the sun. Clinging to the icy iron railing to breast the wind, she paused and looked longingly at the grave—longingly and with envious glances, as if the silent sleepers were thrice blessed—as if she would be with them gladly—oh! how gladly—and lay down her head upon the stony pillows to unbroken rest.

The impulse to steal within—to steal away from the tramping, careless, heartless crowd—to crouch in the shadows of the marbles—to close her weary eyes forever upon earth—to be at peace—was so strong that she could scarcely resist it, and the sigh upon her thin, blue lips was a sob as she at last turned away and struggled on—on up Broadway amid the flashing lights—the visions of warmth and good cheer—the signs of plenty and comfort in every window; but alas! with every door barred against, and every ear deaf to her.

For a moment again she paused before the window of a fashionable eating-house, filled to crowding with rare game, meats, fish, fruits, cakes, jellies—with everything to tempt the palate and make the most rigorous anchorite forget his vows of abstemiousness. But she could not remain. The subtle odors stealing up from the busy kitchen penetrated, as it were, through every fibre of her frame, and made her sick unto death. So much of beautiful luxury in the world, and not a mouthful of food for her! So much of waste, and nothing to stand between her and starvation! So much thrown away to already pampered dogs, and no simply-loyed-with bone or crumb for suffering humanity! Well might the Angel of Charity shield her face with her pure wings, and weep tears of blood over a selfish, hard-hearted earth.

The spicy odors, the array of food, the thought that nothing of it could be hers, almost drove her mad. Had she ventured, the first rage within her would have asserted itself. She would have dashed her little hands through the silvered glass—have dragged forth food, and devoured it as a beast would have done, regardless of consequences. Food and warmth were the things her very soul craved; and what to her, then, was the fact that burly policemen stood ready to pounce upon and draw her to prison-cell—that Judges were waiting to send starvation to punishment, while the robber of millions rioted in slothful luxury?

On up the street she passed. Her eyes chanced to turn upon a mirror, and she fled, shuddering at the sight of her own face, so ghastly, so intensely pitiful was it. But feebly, still more feebly, her tired and numbed feet tracked the slippery streets—more eagerly her eyes looked for some place where she could gain even temporary shelter and warmth. More than one inviting door flashed upon her, but she dared not open it. How soon would such as she be rudely thrust or brutally kicked out again? What right had she where mirth and plenty reigned? Such things were for those alone who could pay liberally for them!

Despair at last drove her into a saloon brilliant with light and gold and pictures and ruddy coal fires. Careless men were there, clinking the ruby-filled glasses. The air was loaded with the aroma of the choicest wines and cigars—the most appetite-provoking lunch. A ribald jest was the salutation she received. A burning blush flamed over the ghastly face, and her eyes flashed with the heart-fires of outraged modesty. All else—suffering, want, swift-coming death—were forgotten; and, pressing her hands upon her ears, she fled again out into the night and the darkness. Better, far better, were they than the companionship of men who had ignored all of mother and sisterhood.

Up, still up, the street she toiled, going she little knew or cared whither, so long as she gained the country, and the hateful city was shut from sight or hearing. Amid green fields and waving trees and babbling brooks had she been born, and there would she die. In that was centred the sole remaining hope of her life. But she would never reach them. The fiends that were battling for her soul would not permit. The old homestead upon which she had turned her back as an innocent girl would never echo with the footsteps of the desperate, outcast woman. In the graveyard where slept father and mother and sister and brother should never be entombed her form.

On, still on, she crept—paused to be thrilled with the warm air that gushed out from the door of a theatre until driven away by the guardian policeman. Into his vision could never enter a distinction between abject want and shameless sin. Anyone in rags bore the same signet in his eyes. But there was no need of a second scowl—a second bidding. The woman hurried on with all the hounds of destruction yelping at her heels—hurried as if cursed by both God and man, to fall at last and perish in the gutter—a waif of the great city blown by adverse winds beyond the shores of time.

As a tall ghost, rose through the storm the spire of an aristocratic church. Her eyes fastened upon it—were fixed upon the cross upon its top—one held so high that it seemed to be raised pleadingly to heaven. Certainly she could find rest and peace there, if anywhere this side of "the river." With a new impulse she struggled on—gained the marble steps and sank down upon them, sheltered from the wind. Had she dared, she would have pushed open the doors and entered. Not into the body of the church, amid the silk and satin and fur and jewel clad worshipers! No, not there, but the outer vestibule, glowing with warmth and light. That she dared not do; but, sinking down upon the steps, crouching as near as possible to the forbidden ground, she bowed her head upon her icy hands and listened to the swelling notes of the organ—the voices of the well-trained and well paid choir, as they sang: "Glory be to God, to men peace and love."

Her head sank still lower, her form became more rigid, her breath more fitful, and the tears that escaped from her eyes were frozen upon her cheeks. God help her! She would soon pass away, pierced by cold and suffering. But she was not to be permitted even the luxury of dying—at least, not there. The pompous sexton, as he flung wide open the doors, to permit the exit of the saints, saw and rudely pushed her with his foot, and drove her away. Rags, even though they covered the most immaculate purity, had no business in such a place. Religion, if it came there at all, must be robed in the trappings of fashion, and gold was the talismanic key that opened the portals of heaven.

On, but it could not be far. The fire that drove the engine of the heart, and had once caused the blood to rush as a Spring-time flood through the veins, had sunk too low for that, was far too nearly burned out. On the pavements, at but a little distance, she sank down a white heap, and the richly-dressed devotees, whose lips but lately breathed the holy words of mercy and charity, passed her with high heads, averted glances or words of scorn. Aye, and she, the unknowing one, whose sin might be—but her trials—what her temptations, if fallen—forgetting that in the sight of the angels she was still their sister, and that the riches of earth were but given them to help those who were "passing under the rod."

A white, motionless heap upon the hard pavement, disregarded, scorned, scarcely pitied, she might have remained until flesh was changed to ice, for all those rushing from the house of prayer and praise to their homes of ease and luxury. Not a single one paused—all drew back their trailing garments, for her dire rich was might be polluted by a touch. No, Heaven be thanked, not all. There was one *heart*, at least, in the giddy throng.

A fair girl, with the gold of sunshine quivering in her hair, the softest blue of heaven in her eyes, and the compassion of angels in her face, paused, knelt down, and nearly raised the lowly-fallen form.

"Come on, Mae," called her queenly sister. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

The beautiful, almost holy face was raised, the eyes beamed still more brightly, and the pitying lips took a deeper red, as she answered:

"It is a young girl, and dying—freezing, starving to death. Go on, Maud, if you dare, and leave her thus. It will be stamping murder upon your very soul."

"Mae was ever so queer—is always doing such strange things," explained her sister to the perfumed gallant at her side.

The world might call such charity "queer," but in it the girl had her way. In vain the liveried coachman attempted to keep his dainty fingers from touching "that object." He quailed before the eye of his young mistress, lifted the sufferer into the carriage, tucked the warm robe about the numbed form, and obeyed the command to "drive home with all speed."

Home? It was the cheery one of a wealthy physician—one always doing "such queer things"—one who had heart and feeling for the poor—one who even entered into such "strange" notions of his younger daughter cheerfully, and never questioning of that which were better to remain hidden.

His first glance satisfied him that earthly aid would be impotent to arrest the flight of the passing soul—and he trusted that guilt had never been stamped upon that young brow; so, had it been, all stain was washed away by suffering—fully purged by repentance.

The warmth, the light, the cup held to her lips, momentarily revived the dying woman. She feebly raised her thin hands, clasped them as if in prayer, her lips murmured "Mother," and the angels alone heard the rest.

Angels? A sudden presence of glory seemed to fill the room. The ceiling appeared to be lifted and float away. The music as of harps was heard, the voices of spirits singing, and to the ears of the weeping ones came down, from the high heavens, the chorus:

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY!"

A FAITHFUL DOG.

This dog was devotedly attached to his master, and followed and found him out wherever he went, even in the pit of a strange theatre, in a strange town, when on the invasion of the Allies the prisoners retired from Verdun to Tours; and, after Bonaparte's abdication, his master, four messmates, and he went on thence to Bordeaux.

The dog's master was then young, and a great flyfisher—at that time, it may be observed, quite a phenomenon in France. Having one day, then, when fishing, used his penknife, he dropped it on the grass, forgot it, and fished on, till about a mile or two farther along the river he again had need of it, but ransacked every pocket for it in vain. The dog, he said, was all the while eying him, and at last began to bark and leap about in the most extraordinary manner, and then bolted off at full speed, till he thought it ran mad. He managed by hook or by crook, however, to patch up his tackle without the use of his knife, which he gave up as a bad bargain, till, while fishing away again in solitude, back came his dog, panting and breathless, and, wagging his tail delightedly, dropped it dripping at his feet.

Poor knife! It was yet fated to be lost a-fishing! Thirty or more years afterwards I saw it, or all that remained of it, for it had many a new blade in the interim, picked up from the stern-sheets in mistake for the old task, thrown overboard, and sunk through the clear waters of Plymouth Sound, almost before the fresh one it had just cut from a mackerel touched the water!

Having been appointed to a ship soon after his return, and not being very well able to take the dog to sea with him, his master gave it to one of their, for a long while, mutual messmates, who he knew would be kind to it. For he was so kind to dumb creature himself, that I have known his boat was coming sometimes, through seeing the pigeons start off seaward, and wheel and hover around her till she touched the landing-steps, when, almost before he had stepped on shore, they would perch on his shoulders; and then, when his head appeared above the quay, the gull would come capering down blasting. Old Tinker the donkey—such a rascal, that it was said he could open every gate in the parish, and the cattle all knew it, and would follow him, and he had to be tethered—would, as the old man advanced, whisk his tail, prance, throw back his ears, and bray; and the very pig, which was often let loose for a run, would come sh

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department: no answers by mail.

A CONSTANT READER, Jersey City.—1. We fear you are not a very attentive reader of THE CLIPPER, otherwise you would have read a biographical sketch of the late E. Eddy in our issue of Dec. 25, 1875, in which the very points you now ask about were fully stated. Mr. Eddy made his first appearance in public as the Franklin Theatre, in this city, May 9, 1832, reciting "The Indian's Lament," for Mr. Goodenow's benefit. He afterwards acted in other cities, playing second low comedy in Baltimore, Md., in 1841. He made his first acknowledged appearance in this city April 6, 1846, at the Greenwich Theatre, acting Othello. He made his first appearance at the Bowery Theatre March 13, 1851, acting Richelieu. 2. No. The first time the Bowery Theatre was burned, May 26, 1828, "The Life of a Gamester" was to have been played; the second time, Sept. 21, 1836, "Lafitte" had been performed; the third time, Feb. 18, 1858, we have no record of the bill; the last time, April 23, 1845, E. L. Davenport's benefit was to have taken place, and the bill was to have been "Robin Hood," "Everybody's Weast" and "Ben the Boatswain."

J. E. R.T., Cleveland.—The date of your violin, 1711, would bring it about the time when Giuseppe (Joseph) Guarnerius, the most distinguished among a family noted for the construction of bowed instruments, was in his prime, the date of his birth belonging to the latter end of the 17th century. He is said to have studied his art in the factory of the Stradivari, although his products do not partake of the marked characteristics of this school. He imbibed often slovenly; the holes were cut almost straight, and with angularity about the ends; the fillets are badly traced, and there is a lack of the vitality so belonging to the master, that their excellence might be attributed to the fine quality of the material used, and not to any especial artistic idea developed. Close examination proves that he was guided by good, live principles, and his productions have an originality derived from these. Of his violins of the large pattern there are but few; those of the small size, which are more numerous, exhibit very little convexity, and are thicker in the thick parts than the Stradivarius. The effect of this instrument is more gratifying at a little distance than near by, a large concert-hall exhibiting its sonorous power in the greatest degree.

DIDO, Falls.—The suggestion is involved in some obscurity. Its manufacture being authorized by Congress, the first American flag (official) was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross in the house now 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, at the instance of General Washington and Col. George Ross. But the Thomas Member of the Pennsylvania merchant brig *Nancy*, then at Porto Rico, voluntarily made one in accordance with the design adopted by Congress, and it was unfurled in that harbor in honor of the Declaration of Independence. 2. The next one known to have been unfurled was at the siege of Fort Schuyler, Aug. 17, 1777. These are quotations from a paper read about six years ago before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It has been claimed that the present flag is the suggestion of a resident of this city long ago deceased. Like every other thing of importance or antiquity, it has had many claimants.

A. D. S.—As far as we know, a dealer, and not the "age," anies. The "ace," however, may or may not "go blind." Should he "go blind," say ten cents, every succeeding player who wishes to come in must (unless someone has already died the blind) put up twenty cents, and finally the blind himself must fill by putting up ten cents more. The blind or the straddle can, before cards are drawn, be raised by any player in his proper turn, as high as the limit of the game. If the age does not wish to "go blind," he can delegate that privilege to the player next on his left.

WILLIAM H. MASON, Brooklyn.—1. You would require money sufficient to pay for your printing, advertising, bill-posting, incidental expenses for the first few stands, and for the transportation of your company to the town where the first entertainment is to be given; also enough to send your advance-agent ahead. Then you would require a sinking fund sufficiently large to cover any deficit between the receipts and expenses. 2. From $20 per week and expenses up to $40.

A CORRESPONDENT, Westboro.—1. Five years. 2. If you can produce eighteen years of age, you will have to declare your intentions of becoming a citizen, which can be done after having resided here three years, and at the end of five you can secure full papers by application to any Court of Record. 3. No. As a rule, you can travel one or two States there may be somewhat of a restriction as to his acquiring property in the first place. 5. Do not know of any such law.

KEN DRAKE.—We cannot advise you, as we know nothing of you. It is one of the most difficult things to get an engagement for a novice in any branch of the show-business. Almost everyone, from the manager down, is on the wrong end. If you wish to become a performer, try and get an engagement in a theatre to do anything and every thing, and work your way up. You will then learn what you are best fitted for, and what branch of the business offers the best facilities for success.

M. H. M., Greenpoint.—1. It was foul; and if it was so claimed by Pabst or the umpire, the decision would stand. But if there was no appeal, and the referee both raised the point and decided it, then the referee was wrong, unless there was a mutual agreement conferring upon him the power to decide without being appealed to. 2. If you did not object to the decision before P made a shot, he cannot now object, and he can go with the game.

J. C., Philadelphia.—1. It is correct. 2. It is not policy to fix the price until after it has been produced, as its value would fluctuate with its success. 3. With responsible parties it would be safe, and your rights would be respected. 4. No; you should make a legal notice of the copyright to him, and have it recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

YANKEE.—We know nothing about them. 2. Outside of the gymnasiums, we know of no place at present; but you can make arrangements with some skillful professional to instruct you, which is much the better plan. Address Billy Madden or Mike Coburn's, in this city. 3. A little gun-wrable will have the desired effect. 4. No. It is called the "Lortllard Medal."

W. H. B., Brandywine.—The Association rules of billiards within the spirit of the agreement. Our advice to him and the others, inasmuch as any decision on this point is not to be found in the rules, is to keep away from the table altogether. It by no means follows, because one has no opponent, that he is not playing billiards when he is practicing, or when merely knocking the balls about.

STUDENT, Boston.—It is a difficult matter for us off-hand to say what the king was dead. Royalty never dies. "*Le roi est mort. Vive le roi.*" (The King is dead. Live the King.) The body of a king has a title, and the moment that title is successor becomes king. Hamlet means that, although the body (of the late king) is with the (late) king, the king spoke, possesses the title with the body.

CENTENNIAL, Philadelphia.—It is impossible to decide even approximately. People do not make their wealth public, and the man who was worth a million in January last may be worth but half that now. It depends upon how many extra steamships are put on, and also upon whether the foreigners will come over mainly in the cabin, the steerage, or on the rudder.

J. H., Brooklyn.—It will not altogether too ambitious, unless you expect to give the whole show yourself. You cannot expect to excel in all the lines you name. Select either a sensational-domestic-negro-and-specialty combined, or the Dutch business, and practice until you do excel. 2. For a teacher see our advertising columns.

J. H. DONOVAN, Shelbourne Falls.—1. Ed. O'Baldwin and Jim Mace met in the Collier Station, Pa., on Thursday, Aug. 21, 1872, but could not agree on a referee. 2. The Canadian authorities interfered upon the occasion of the first meeting between Mace and Coburn in the ring as opponents.

E. M. S., Indianapolis.—The fifteen-ball cannot be given unless it is taken off the table. It could not be taken off on the ground because the game is won in a fair way, and that should have satisfied all parties that a muddle had almost necessarily to result. Nos. 1, 2 and 5 should pay for the game.

J. S. F., Poughkeepsie.—1. What he makes has necessarily to be the difference between his last purchase and his last sale—$20. 2. The siege of Troy, if it ever occurred, occurred about 1184 B. C. 3. About the time Homer, who lived at all, lived at some time between the years 1184 and 684 B. C.—it does not now make much difference when.

NORTH.—Nothing. Some cut-glass drinking-goblets and wine-glasses of any desire in glassware. The prices are regulated by the quantity of water put in. Take a stick and cover one side with India-rubber, moisten that with water, and it is astonishing how it will adhere.

C. G. B., Marathon.—Col. T. Allston Brown, 9 West Fourth street, New York; Simmonds & Wall, 10 Union square; Hall & Sly, 47 Fourth street; Davis & Co., 160 Vine street, Cincinnati, O.; Col. Hal Sleeper, 818 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., etc.

O. H., Boston.—1. It is the technical name for a line of business of a theatrical company utility business. It depends entirely upon his reputation and ability. From $20 per week to $35 a. No. They vary in every town. 4. Nothing. 5. Harry Watson's Castle Garden. 6. No.

S. W.—1. There was no census of the population of London, Eng., taken in that year. In 1861 it was 2,362,236. 2. Cannot say what the population of Pekin, China, was at that time, as it is variously estimated from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000.

UNATURE.—1. As we have not access to the treasurer's account-books, we cannot answer. 2. No. There is such a gentleman at times connected with the Fifth Avenue Theatre. He was some time ago the treasurer thereof. 3. Not married. Born in 1814.

READER, Cleveland.—"Piorry" Scannell was shot in December, 1866, and died July 9, 1870. In his ante-mortem statement he charged that the fatal shot was fired by Thos. Donohue, who was subsequently shot and killed by John Scannell.

H. W. A., Renova.—On Sept. 15, 1870, the Tyne Crew, composed of James Taylor, Thos. Wraship, John Martin and James Renforth, from Newcastle, defeated the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., in a six-mile race at Lachine, near Montreal, Canada.

J. H. B., Haverhill.—1. He has no right to count audibly, as that may confuse his antagonist. After the holder of the cards had counted, then it was time for his antagonist to count aloud. 2. Not having looked at a ten in his hand, B could not make it tens for his partner.

W. G. W. and J. R., South Boston.—Yes; and he would have been delighted had he been the son of an American shoemaker, provided the latter was residing there temporarily only.

MATTIAS, Buffalo.—You can produce it before copyrighting if you like, but you must produce it when you apply for it, or you copyright it can produce it where and when it is pleased, and you will be powerless to prevent it.

W. H. T., Waukegan.—It is a waste of time to play pedro with fewer than fifty points to the game. It is true that when there are six or seven players in it; and is not much of a "game" then, though amusing.

SPORTSMAN, Boston.—John Dwyer is about 5ft. 9½in. in his stocking feet, and when he sparred with Steve Taylor, at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, he weighed about 158lb.

K. AND S.—The question was virtually answered when we replied to that as to weights. At that time we also answered that further information could be procured at the Mayor's office.

J. S. W., Milwaukee.—1. You win. Born at Kinderhook, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1782. 2 The processes and ingredients are well recorded, and even when known, it requires much skill to manufacture it.

MARY.—M is entitled to the stakes. B could have claimed foul on the shot made by M at the suggestion of outsiders; but that objection had to be made before M played again.

H. W.—The title can be conferred by royalty. In Germany, we think, it descends. In England it could not be acquired in any event by a marriage with a count, as counts are not indigenous to that country.

S. S.—Nothing. We answer questions only through this department. We do not think that his prospects for success are at all promising, and would not advise him to undertake it.

P. W. C.—We never publish the salaries of professional performers, and we prefer not to state which, of two artists who are nearly equal in popularity and merit, receives the larger salary.

OLD READER, St. John.—1. The straight flush being a special hand, and not a regular one, the stranger should have been informed that it was being played. 2. That Carter is not so old. 3. In the matter of.

T. H. H., Brooklyn.—We have examined several catalogues, etc., but can find no record that such a title has been used.

J. A. W., Harrisburg.—A gentleman who lived in Rio de Janeiro a short time ago informs us that there are no English papers published there.

M. C. Jr., Mahanoy City.—All we know of them is, that they send their advertisement and money by mail. Write them another letter. There may be some mistake.

W. B. M., Atlanta.—1. Gabriel and Francois are living in retirement in France. The other two, we believe, are dead. 2. We had one the past six months.

T. R.—It is a genuine shot, and is considered difficult. The seaman gets his aim by looking in a small mirror in front of him.

N. H. H.—1. Any player can shuffle them, but the dealer is entitled to the last shuffle. 2. Yes; can make it serena in that way.

J. T. R.—The late W. E. Burton was the first representative of John Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep" in any theatrical theatre in America.

INQUIRER, Cincinnati.—The Reade Turner who was a witness in the great scandal trial in Brooklyn, L. I., has never appeared in public as a lecturer.

C. P.—He is travelling. Address him in care of this office, and your letter will reach him quicker than by any other way.

MILLIARDS, Brewerton.—Your statement differs from one previously sent. As you put the case, the party violated the agreement.

GEOLOGIST, Council Bluffs.—1, 2. The AMERICAN. 3. Census of 1870: Chicago, 298,963; St. Louis, 310,864. We pay no attention to any census taken by local authorities.

BEN, Brooklyn.—Dean order A up, and then A, looking at his hand, can make the trump. The object of ordering up is to prevent a lone hand.

J. H. H., Mt. Clemens.—1. Yes; provided he himself has a ten in his hand. 2. No. 3. It is a sweep, if there was only a queen on the board.

J. E. M.—1. Jack, if high, is to deal. 2. The age can bet, or he can pass; but it is only the age that, after the draw, can stand and call in aged.

POKER, Phila.—A should have called out as soon as he made cards and spades. If B called out, his two sevens are no valid account as his big casino.

W. E. TOWLE, Grand Rapids.—Addresses: C. B. Elliott, John Kyle, Stephen Roberts, and George Roahr, in our care.

ELGIN, Ottawa.—Bets are determined by the fast, and the fact will be manifest in the final occupancy of the contested seat.

CORRESPONDENT, Preston.—Ashby-de-la-Zouche is in Leicestershire, which is in about the central part of England.

SUBSCRIBER, Galena.—A could not play alone.

C. W., Brooklyn.—1. It is not necessary that his father shall have been born here. 2. As we have not the correct measurements of all the theatres in the world, we cannot state which is the largest or which has the largest stage.

C. B. O., Sherbrooke.—Write to Theodore Gussel, 13 Second avenue, this city, explaining what you want, and ask for estimate of cost, as the Jack, with beaver on, would have to be made to order.

J. D.—As Feb. is not only on Thursday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, from 1828 to 1832, Ash-Wednesday could not have occured on that date in any of those years.

J. W., Buffalo.—1. Dogs are property in some States, and not in others. Your lawyer can tell you more about it than we. 2. Dumbbells can be bought at almost any hardware store at so much per pound.

LAFAYETTE KELLY, Sturgeon.—1. We would advise you to give up all idea of making the attempt, as there is no money in it. 2 Send to Ed. James, 26 Centre street, this city, for a catalogue.

ORANGER, Minneapolis.—It is a MS., and not for sale. Send a 3ct. stamp to Ed. James, as per advertisement, and he will send you a catalogue of others on sale.

H. S., Detroit.—There is such a photograph here, but we cannot ascertain who issued it. It does not bear the imprint of any gallery, and it was offered for sale by a peddler.

J. W., Brantford.—Very few troupes other than circuses carry their treasurers with them, it being cheaper to hire ticket-sellers for about $7 per night in each town. We do not procure engagements. See G. W. Terry's advertisement.

R. S. S., Boston.—It is too early in the season to give you reliable information. 1, Senatus Populus Que Romus (The Senate and People of Rome) 3. "The Black Crook," which was repeated 474 consecutive times.

A. H. B.—They can build together or separately; but if either calls (say) six, he must have a six left in his own hand, or the build is foul.

A. AND B., Baltimore.—The fourth leg decided the game. Three legs do not mean precisely that—two may be enough, and even ten may not suffice.

LEVERETT, Hillsboro.—1. It is not technically a record. 2. The question could not be asked to determine the bet. A loses.

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HARRY, Cedar Rapids.—It may have been printed that unofficial parties so timed him; but that is not a record. There is no running record in that country.

DIDO, Falls.—The suggestion is involved in some obscurity. Its manufacture being authorized by Congress, the first American flag (official) was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross in the house now 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, at the instance of General Washington and Col. George Ross. But the Thomas Member of the Pennsylvania merchant brig *Nancy*, then at Porto Rico, voluntarily made one in accordance with the design adopted by Congress, and it was unfurled in that harbor in honor of the Declaration of Independence. 2. The next one known to have been unfurled was at the siege of Fort Schuyler, Aug. 17, 1777. These are quotations from a paper read about six years ago before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It has been claimed that the present flag is the suggestion of a resident of this city long ago deceased. Like every other thing of importance or antiquity, it has had many claimants.

A. D. S.—As far as we know, a dealer, and not the "age," anies. The "ace," however, may or may not "go blind." Should he "go blind," say ten cents, every succeeding player who wishes to come in must (unless someone has already died the blind) put up twenty cents, and finally the blind himself must fill by putting up ten cents more. The blind or the straddle can, before cards are drawn, be raised by any player in his proper turn, as high as the limit of the game. If the age does not wish to "go blind," he can delegate that privilege to the player next on his left.

WILLIAM H. MASON, Brooklyn.—1. You would require money sufficient to pay for your printing, advertising, bill-posting, incidental expenses for the first few stands, and for the transportation of your company to the town where the first entertainment is to be given; also enough to send your advance-agent ahead. Then you would require a sinking fund sufficiently large to cover any deficit between the receipts and expenses. 2. From $20 per week and expenses up to $40.

A CORRESPONDENT, Westboro.—1. Five years. 2. If you can produce eighteen years of age, you will have to declare your intentions of becoming a citizen, which can be done after having resided here three years, and at the end of five you can secure full papers by application to any Court of Record. 3. No. As a rule, you can travel one or two States there may be somewhat of a restriction as to his acquiring property in the first place. 5. Do not know of any such law.

KEN DRAKE.—We cannot advise you, as we know nothing of you. It is one of the most difficult things to get an engagement for a novice in any branch of the show-business. Almost everyone, from the manager down, is on the wrong end. If you wish to become a performer, try and get an engagement in a theatre to do anything and every thing, and work your way up. You will then learn what you are best fitted for, and what branch of the business offers the best facilities for success.

M. H. M., Greenpoint.—1. It was foul; and if it was so claimed by Pabst or the umpire, the decision would stand. But if there was no appeal, and the referee both raised the point and decided it, then the referee was wrong, unless there was a mutual agreement conferring upon him the power to decide without being appealed to. 2. If you did not object to the decision before P made a shot, he cannot now object, and he can go with the game.

J. C., Philadelphia.—1. It is correct. 2. It is not policy to fix the price until after it has been produced, as its value would fluctuate with its success. 3. With responsible parties it would be safe, and your rights would be respected. 4. No; you should make a legal notice of the copyright to him, and have it recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

YANKEE.—We know nothing about them. 2. Outside of the gymnasiums, we know of no place at present; but you can make arrangements with some skillful professional to instruct you, which is much the better plan. Address Billy Madden or Mike Coburn's, in this city. 3. A little gun-wrable will have the desired effect. 4. No. It is called the "Lortllard Medal."

W. H. B., Brandywine.—The Association rules of billiards within the spirit of the agreement. Our advice to him and the others, inasmuch as any decision on this point is not to be found in the rules, is to keep away from the table altogether. It by no means follows, because one has no opponent, that he is not playing billiards when he is practicing, or when merely knocking the balls about.

STUDENT, Boston.—It is a difficult matter for us off-hand to say what the king was dead. Royalty never dies. "*Le roi est mort. Vive le roi.*" (The King is dead. Live the King.) The body of a king has a title, and the moment that title is successor becomes king. Hamlet means that, although the body (of the late king) is with the (late) king, the king spoke, possesses the title with the body.

CENTENNIAL, Philadelphia.—It is impossible to decide even approximately. People do not make their wealth public, and the man who was worth a million in January last may be worth but half that now. It depends upon how many extra steamships are put on, and also upon whether the foreigners will come over mainly in the cabin, the steerage, or on the rudder.

J. H., Brooklyn.—1. It is not altogether too ambitious, unless you expect to give the whole show yourself. You cannot expect to excel in all the lines you name. Select either a sensational-domestic-negro-and-specialty combined, or the Dutch business, and practice until you do excel. 2. For a teacher see our advertising columns.

J. H. DONOVAN, Shelbourne Falls.—1. Ed. O'Baldwin and Jim Mace met in the Collier Station, Pa., on Thursday, Aug. 21, 1872, but could not agree on a referee. 2. The Canadian authorities interfered upon the occasion of the first meeting between Mace and Coburn in the ring as opponents.

E. M. S., Indianapolis.—The fifteen-ball cannot be given unless it is taken off the table. It could not be taken off on the ground because the game is won in a fair way, and that should have satisfied all parties that a muddle had almost necessarily to result. Nos. 1, 2 and 5 should pay for the game.

J. S. F., Poughkeepsie.—1. What he makes has necessarily to be the difference between his last purchase and his last sale—$20. 2. The siege of Troy, if it ever occurred, occurred about 1184 B. C. 3. About the time Homer, who lived at all, lived at some time between the years 1184 and 684 B. C.—it does not now make much difference when.

NORTH.—Nothing. Some cut-glass drinking-goblets and wine-glasses of any desire in glassware. The prices are regulated by the quantity of water put in. Take a stick and cover one side with India-rubber, moisten that with water, and it is astonishing how it will adhere.

C. G. B., Marathon.—Col. T. Allston Brown, 9 West Fourth street, New York; Simmonds & Wall, 10 Union square; Hall & Sly, 47 Fourth street; Davis & Co., 160 Vine street, Cincinnati, O.; Col. Hal Sleeper, 818 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., etc.

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S. W.—1. There was no census of the population of London, Eng., taken in that year. In 1861 it was 2,362,236. 2. Cannot say what the population of Pekin, China, was at that time, as it is variously estimated from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000.

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READER, Cleveland.—"Piorry" Scannell was shot in December, 1866, and died July 9, 1870. In his ante-mortem statement he charged that the fatal shot was fired by Thos. Donohue, who was subsequently shot and killed by John Scannell.

H. W. A., Renova.—On Sept. 15, 1870, the Tyne Crew, composed of James Taylor, Thos. Wraship, John Martin and James Renforth, from Newcastle, defeated the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., in a six-mile race at Lachine, near Montreal, Canada.

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K. AND S.—The question was virtually answered when we replied to that as to weights. At that time we also answered that further information could be procured at the Mayor's office.

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MARY.—M is entitled to the stakes. B could have claimed foul on the shot made by M at the suggestion of outsiders; but that objection had to be made before M played again.

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CORRESPONDENT, Preston.—Ashby-de-la-Zouche is in Leicestershire, which is in about the central part of England.

SUBSCRIBER, Galena.—A could not play alone.

C. W., Brooklyn.—1. It is not necessary that his father shall have been born here. 2. As we have not the correct measurements of all the theatres in the world, we cannot state which is the largest or which has the largest stage.

C. B. O., Sherbrooke.—Write to Theodore Gussel, 13 Second avenue, this city, explaining what you want, and ask for estimate of cost, as the Jack, with beaver on, would have to be made to order.

J. D.—As Feb. is not only on Thursday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, from 1828 to 1832, Ash-Wednesday could not have occured on that date in any of those years.

J. W., Buffalo.—1. Dogs are property in some States, and not in others. Your lawyer can tell you more about it than we. 2. Dumbbells can be bought at almost any hardware store at so much per pound.

LAFAYETTE KELLY, Sturgeon.—1. We would advise you to give up all idea of making the attempt, as there is no money in it. 2 Send to Ed. James, 26 Centre street, this city, for a catalogue.

ORANGER, Minneapolis.—It is a MS., and not for sale. Send a 3ct. stamp to Ed. James, as per advertisement, and he will send you a catalogue of others on sale.

H. S., Detroit.—There is such a photograph here, but we cannot ascertain who issued it. It does not bear the imprint of any gallery, and it was offered for sale by a peddler.

J. W., Brantford.—Very few troupes other than circuses carry their treasurers with them, it being cheaper to hire ticket-sellers for about $7 per night in each town. We do not procure engagements. See G. W. Terry's advertisement.

R. S. S., Boston.—It is too early in the season to give you reliable information. 1, Senatus Populus Que Romus (The Senate and People of Rome) 3. "The Black Crook," which was repeated 474 consecutive times.

A. H. B.—They can build together or separately; but if either calls (say) six, he must have a six left in his own hand, or the build is foul.

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THE LAST SENSATION.

It is with deep regret and the most poignant grief that we are compelled to record another "irregularity," this time on the part of a gentleman high in power in the capital of the nation, and holding a reserved seat in the people's family-circle. The country has been in a wild state of excitement during the past week over the revelations of Cyrus Marsh touching the bribery and corruption of the War Department in the person of Secretary Belknap. The downfall of the latter is complete, and in his fall he drags down with him his family, or at least his wife, who seems to have been a party to the illicit business. Marsh the informer is flying from the wrath to come, and Evans the contractor must tumble with the rest. Much has been said about the crimes committed by these people, and of the disgrace heaped upon the Government by their conduct. Out of the Fort Sill traffic Evans made *his* per centage, Marsh made *his*, and Belknap came in for *his* share of the plunder! And from whom has this immense revenue been derived? Who have been thus robbed to add to the income of rich men? The poor soldiers are the sufferers—the poor soldiers and those connected with them on the frontier! And in that we see the greater crime, but of which very little has been said by the public press. Soldiers, whose pay at the best is but small, are charged from five to ten prices for what they need; are robbed by contractors, robbed by agents robbed by middle-men and middle-women, and robbed by the very heads of departments! If the painful disclosures which have been made—disgraceful and humiliating as they are to the nation—shall be the means of opening the eyes of the Administration to the wrongs inflicted upon the poor soldier, to the robberies to which he is subjected, and to numerous other crimes of which he is the uncared-for victim in his isolation from civilization, much good will have been accomplished, and the soldier's life hereafter may be more endurable. No wonder women of fashion can flaunt their gaudy dresses at receptions and balls, when the revenue required to pay the expenses is so easily acquired; no wonder men whose salaries are from seven to ten thousand dollars per year are enabled to spend from fifty to one hundred thousand a year! There are other departments besides the war-bureau which need looking into. And what is true of the departments at Washington is also true of State and city governments. The whole system is rotten to the core; and though a few "irregularities" have been "unearthed," and the perpetrators of the frauds have been driven away or otherwise punished, yet corruption still exists, in high places as well as in the more humble. The man apes the master, and robs as he sees his master rob. Let the Centennial witness the overthrow of rings, and leagues, and other conniving bodies; and let honesty rule in the future. This is the proper time to institute a thorough examination of our general and local governments, and to root out all corruption. Let the soldier

PEDESTRIANISM.

CROSSLEY VS. WHEAT.—About one thousand persons assembled at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Philadelphia, March 3, to witness the foot-race of 140yds., then announced to take place between J. F. Crossley of Philadelphia and James Wheat of Pittsburg, for, it is said, $800 a side. Although it was announced that the race would take place between two and four o'clock, it was an hour over the appointed time before the contestants appeared. The track was a little soft. Wm. Bozarth was selected as referee. An even start was made, and Crossley led about a yard at the 80yd. stake. At this point Wheat was seen to stagger and leap into the air, and, ceasing running, quitted the course. Crossley kept on, crossing the home-line in 15½sec. Wheat then claimed that some unknown persons had struck him, and the referee gave on the day following his decision to the effect that "Wheat having been fouled by parties unknown, several persons making an davit to that effect, I hereby declare the race a draw, and all bets off."

BILL BROWN the walkist, formerly of this city, but now of Providence, R. I., writes to us to say that Ed. Mullen need not go to England (as if it reported he contemplates doing) to get on a match, as he (Brown) will sign articles to walk him a ten-mile match, square heel and-toe, at Providence, for from $250 to $500 a side; to walk any time in April, rain or shine. Bill says he has staked $25 at *The Sunday Dispatch* office there, and if Mullen will put up a like amount in our hands, and forward articles to him, Brown will promptly attend to it, and it will be no fault of his if the match is not speedily made.

JOHN ODDY proposes giving an exhibition of his skill as a walker in Paterson, N. J., on the 19th inst., at which time he will attempt to walk fourteen miles in two hours.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for E. W. Moulton, Geo. M. Wells, John Allison, and John Oddy.

HANDBALL.

SPORT AT McQUADE'S.

A very interesting series of games were played on Feb. 29, the contestants in which were the Casey Brothers, Jas. Dunn, Barney McQuade, and other experts. The first series was a trial of skill, single-handed, between Jas. Casey and Barney McQuade, which resulted in Barney's success in three games out of five, as follows:

ACES BY SERVICE AND RETURN.

	1st Game.		*2d Game.*		*3d Game.*		*4th Game.*	
J. Casey	S..1	R..5	S..5	R..16	S..3	R..10	S..2	R..12
B. McQuade.	2	19	4	5	7	14	6	15

SCORE BY INNINGS.

First Game. *Second Game.*
J. Casey.... 0 1 0 3 1 1 0 0 0— 6 | 4 1 0 1 3 0 1 8 3 3 1 1—21
B. McQuade 1 3 3 1 2 0 1 5 7—21 | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 2 4— 9

Third Game. *Fourth Game.*
J. Casey.... 1 5 1 3 2 0 1 1 1—15 | 0 0 0 6 0 0 3 0 0 4 1 0 0—14
B. McQuade 0 1 6 1 2 1 7 0 5—21 | 3 3 2 0 3 1 3 3 1 0 0 1 1—21

The next game was between Phil. Casey and partner against James Dunn and assistant, which resulted as follows:

ACES BY SERVICE AND RETURN.

	First Game.		*Second Game.*		*Third Game.*	
Phil. Casey	S..5	R..6	S..9	R..4	S..2	R..4
Martin Mahan	7	3	8	3	10	1
James Dunn	3	0	4	7	7	6
R. Townsend	2	1	7	4	6	2

	First Game.			*Second Game.*			*Third Game.*		
Phil Casey..	0	1	5	0	0	1	1	0	0
M. Mahan...	1	5	0	0	8	0	1	6	2
Jas. Dunn..	0	2	1	0	0	4	0	0	1
R. Townsend	0	2	1	0	0	5	1	7	1

	Third Game.				*Fourth Game.*				
Phil Casey..	0	1	1	5	0	0	1	1	0
M. Mahan...	0	2	6	0	0	0	1	0	0
Jas. Dunn..	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0
R. Townsend	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0

	Fifth Game.					*Sixth Game.*				
Phil Casey..	0	1	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	0
M. Mahan...	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Jas. Dunn..	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
R. Townsend	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

	Seventh Game.							*Eighth Game.*						
Phil Casey..	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
M. Mahan...	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jas. Dunn..	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
R. Townsend	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

THE PLAY-WATER, a patent contrivance, for which Wm. Diefenbacher, 1,011 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, is the agent, is a very convenient adjunct to a card-table. It consists of three black-walnut trays, supported by a bracket, with a clamp and set-screw for securing it to the table. The two small trays are for the purpose of holding glasses, etc., and the larger tray combines, besides an ash-tray and match-box, two dials for the purpose of keeping game.

MORRIS MOORE of New York and Manning of Philadelphia had an interesting racket match in the latter city, Feb. 29. They played 100 points—29 American and 60 English. Manning won by a score of 57 to 43, excelling at both games, as in the American he scored 31 to 19, while at the English he scored 26 to 24. Moore's strong point, it was supposed, was the American game, at which, however, he was easily beaten.

CURLING.—A very fine game was played on the 2d inst. at Haledon, N. J., between the Paterson and Jersey City Clubs, which resulted in a victory for the former by a majority of three shots. After this a game was played between the Ivanhoe of Paterson and the Jersey City Club, resulting in a victory for the latter in two rinks by a majority of twenty-two.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Young America Cricket Club of Philadelphia will be held on the 7th of March, at Wilson Hall, Germantown.

HOMER LANE the wrestler is still in San Francisco, Cal., and makes his headquarters at William White's, 212 Stockton street.

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COOK'S GREAT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CIRCUS,
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SECOND ENGAGEMENT THIS SEASON
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PARKER AND DOGS
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"I've Only Been Down to the Club," "Hildebrandt Montrose," "Pull Down the Blind," "One Hundred Years," "The Donavans," "Terry Joined the Gang," "Boulevard," "Behind the Scenes," and 600 others, ten cents each. Harding's, 229 Bowery, N. Y. Send stamp for catalogue. 50-1t*

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As the Count seems to be
BACKING DOWN ON THE
HAMLET CHAMPIONSHIP,
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NOTICE.
to Miss Minnie Palmer, E. T. Stetson, J. P. Howard, Louis Warwick, John E. McGregor, M. N. Haviland, J. K. Kirkwood, Mrs. Watson, Rose Watson and others, that I am no longer connected with the business management or management of ALLEN'S OPERA-HOUSE, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., from this date. FRANK D. HALL.
50-1t* Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., March 3, 1876.

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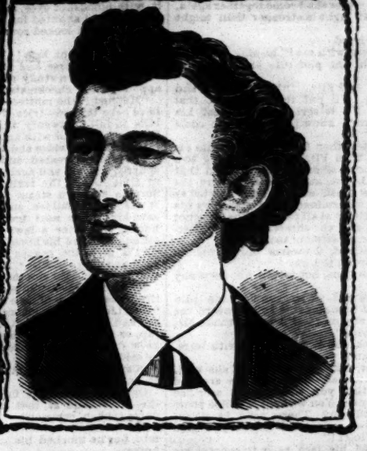

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THEY ALL WANT IT.
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Orchestra and Brass Band.
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NO OPEN DATES UNTIL NEXT FALL.
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Prof. Davis' School of Educated Dogs
are my property, given to me by my father six months previous to his death, and I have papers to prove it; so any person buying them will have trouble, as I have my father's writing to show that
NO PERSON CAN PERFORM THEM IN PUBLIC
but myself. Nell West knows the dogs are my property. She acknowledged it when I was in Cleveland, and on her knees swore to me if I would leave the dogs with her one or two weeks she would send them to me. But as soon as I arrived in Albany I see in THE CLIPPER she has them for sale. Not contented with my father's money, diamonds and jewelry, she wants to DEPRIVE ME OF MY JUST RIGHTS.
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has time open in
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WANTED, A BASS VOICE, BARITONE, TENOR AND TWO LADIES, one for chorus and one to play second, or just a good actress that can sing for a FIRST-CLASS OPERA COMPANY. Also wanted, a good AGENT. Address, with lowest salary and full particulars, DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, 160 Vine street, P. O. Box 252, Cincinnati, O.
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I do not insert this card to gain newspaper notoriety,
BUT MEAN BUSINESS,
for my name is my birthright, and I intend to protect it. If such an event again occurs, I promise to neglect my affairs and follow the scoundrel through the entire land, until I get complete satisfaction.
PROFESSOR ZERA,
Magician and Ventriloquist.
Academy of Music, Pittsburg, March 4, 1876. 50-1t*

MISS LOU SANFORD
SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST,
Re-engaged for two weeks longer at
ADELPHI, BUFFALO. 50-1t*

HAND-MADE BOXING-GLOVES.

No. 1, stuffed with hair, $3; No. 2, stout, full-sized glove, well sewed, $4; No. 3, made carefully, selected leather-best hookskin strings around wrist, $5; No. 4, covered with very best finished hookskin, bound with fancy leather, $6. Any of the above gloves sent by express on receipt of money. Send No. for my sporting goods catalogue. Address
50-1t* GEORGE P. WILLIAMS, 9 Dunne street, New York.

THE ORIGINAL
HARRIGAN AND HART

THEIR BRILLIANT RECEPTION AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, O.
A PERFECT OVATION
TENDERED TO THE
Artists Supreme,
HARRIGAN AND HART.
HOUSES CROWDED TO THE DOORS.
HUNDREDS NIGHTLY TURNED AWAY UNABLE TO OBTAIN EVEN STANDING-ROOM.
PRESS AND PUBLIC UNANIMOUS IN THEIR PRAISE.
THE ORIGINAL
HARRIGAN AND HART
The Grand Success and Sensation of the Day.
HARRIGAN AND HART
THE GENERALS OF IRISH FUN, HUMOR AND ORIGINALITY, SWEEP THE COUNTRY, LEAVING LAUGHTER, JOY AND HAPPINESS IN THEIR TRACKS.
HARRIGAN AND HART,
supported by their own company of
DRAMATIC ARTISTS,
SPLENDID ORCHESTRA,
AND
THE GALLANT 69TH OF NEW YORK
(MINIATURE.)
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—Harrigan and Hart appeared this time with an original novelty, based on the old-style minstrel programme, with its incoherent variety business, they have had constructed a drama ingeniously arranged for the exhibition of the specialties of the character actors. Incidentally the "Sixty ninth Regiment" and the "Skidmore Guards" are introduced. These organizations are represented by a little company of boys admirably drilled and handsomely uniformed. Moreover, they can sing well, and their appearance fairly took the house by storm. The drama carries a story which preserves unity, while it does not check the fun of the performance. It was witnessed last night by a very large audience.—CINCINNATI DAILY GAZETTE, Feb. 22.
THE THEATRES.—Messrs. Harrigan and Hart were, at the Grand Opera house last night, greeted by a large audience and great enthusiasm. "The Doyle Brothers," their new play, is a decided success. "The Gallant Sixty-ninth," and the burlesque on the same which followed, are the most palpable hits of the season. They were both doubly encored, and after the former Messrs Harrigan and Hart were compelled to appear before the curtain. The rush to hear them will be tremendous.—CINCINNATI DAILY ENQUIRER.

ROUTE:

PITTSBURG, PA	MARCH 6, 7, 8
YOUNGSTOWN, O	MARCH 9
MEADVILLE, PA	MARCH 10
ERIE	MARCH 11
DUNKIRK, N. Y	MARCH 13

All business communications, to insure answer, should be addressed to
MART. HANLEY,
50-1t Manager Harrigan & Hart's Combination.

NAT AND BERNETTA
BLOSSOM
ETHIOPIAN SKETCH AND DOUBLE SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS.
TO MANAGERS.
I take great pleasure in recommending the BLOSSOMS as being first-class in their biz., and will prove a good card to any manager engaging them. Their acts are refined and original. They played a very successful engagement two weeks at my place. Address care of CLIPPER.
50-1t* B. BROTHERS, Atlantic, Syracuse, N. Y.

TO PRIVILEGE MEN.
TO LET,
CANDY STAND AND OUTSIDE SHOW,
TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES.
The finest and most complete Circus and Menagerie on wheels in the West. A. B. ROTHSCHILD & CO.,
Royal Victoria Circus and Menagerie.
Apply to JOHN O'BRIEN

RETROSPECTION.

To THOS. J. HENDON, Esq.
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY J. J. WALLACE.

I am thinking, dear Tom, of the joys
That like shadows have fled away,
When you and I, white-headed boys,
Were happy and joyous and gay;
No mean thought of self could live with us then,
As we shared all our pastimes and joys,
And pictured the future that should come to the men
Who then were but white-headed boys.

Down through the woodland, joyous and bright,
Where the small nodding flowers were seen,
In the dear little nooks of golden light,
By the huddle we then called a stream,
As of old, while I listen, there falls on the ear
The same strange, mystical noise
That made our young hearts tremble with fear
When we were but white-headed boys.

The flowers to-day they nod just the same,
And the paddle still trinkles along;
But no mystery now is that mournful mean
That comes in the sigh of the woodland's song—
For the cheerful ones, Winters now forty or more,
Have blighted and withered the joys
That made the bright sunshine play in our hearts
When we were but white-headed boys.

Like the rest, Tom, it all came to us early
That our future was bustle and strife—
Then you took to Blackstone and Bacon,
And I to the poor player's life;
And then came the shock to the nation
When changed all our purpose and hopes—
We both sought "The Right" in the quarrel,
Yet both pulled on different ropes.

Still, after that desperate struggle,
Where talking and fighting both end,
We met in the fullness of manhood,
And yet met like lover and friend,
Yet more strange that, while I am writing
Of the love and the friendship I prize,
Every word that I am inditing
Of childhood is a tissue of lies.

Still, when my case goes to the jury,
And perjury's shown on its face,
While the world may condemn in its fury,
Let your kindness decide in my case,
And give the poor prisoner the doubt—
Let your sentence with mercy be fraught,
And think, while the jury is out,
That the wish but gave birth to the thought.

VIOLET MILDMAY;
OR,
IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XLIV.

What you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.—SHAKESPEARE.

For the first few moments Bertie's sensations on reading Lord Lackland's letter were anything but distinct; then gradually, as he realized the blow which the Earl's duplicity had dealt him, indignation predominated. He had been basely deceived and betrayed, and his betrayal was rendered all the more bitter by the foretaste which he had been allowed to have of his happiness. What should he do? How he longed that Leicester were alive—cool, judicial Leicester—to advise and guide him! What was he to do? If he obeyed the impulse of the moment he would seek Lady Ethel, beseech her to declare her choice before the world, and brave the matter out. But how far would that be consistent with honor and her duty to her parents? He knew how good, how noble, how patient Ethel was, and he felt within his own mind that he should never be able to persuade her, even if he were to try, to go against her father's wish.

In this frame of mind Bertie wandered listlessly down to his club. In the smoking-room, to which he repaired, he found Fitz extended at full length, sipping a brandy and soda. He determined, on the spur of the moment, to confide in him.

"Hello, Bert," said Fitz. "What have you done with my cigar?"

"Taken him to the stable," said Bert. "I suppose you half feared that I had bolted?"

"No," said Fitz. "What is in the wind? No mischief, I hope."

"Fitz," said Bertie, seating himself beside the couch, "I'm in great trouble."

"No!" exclaimed Fitz. "I thought that nothing ever troubled you, Bert."

"Something does now," said Bertie gravely. "It's about Lady Boisdale—Ethel."

Fitz shook his head gravely.

"I was half afraid there was something on there, Bert, between you and Ethel. I've noticed it for some time, and I thought perhaps you'd speak. I wish you had, because I could have told you there was no chance for you."

Bertie colored.

"Do you mean that you, yourself, Fitz, have an objection to me as the suitor for Lady Boisdale's hand?"

"No," said Fitz heartily. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure; but it can't be. But, look here, one secret is as good as another. There's nobody listening, is there? I'll tell you something," and he sighed deeply. "Eth, and I are as much slaves as any nigger going. We can't marry where we like, we can't do as we like. We must marry money. Why?" And he looked sadly at Bertie, who stared in astonishment. "Why? Because we haven't a single penny ourselves. We Lacklands are as poor as church mice. There isn't an inch of land, there isn't a brick or stone, that isn't mortgaged; and we young ones, Eth and I, must bring it all right again by marrying money. She'll have to marry some retired tea-dealer, and I—well, I know where I'd marry, and marry money, too, but I can't. The angel—for she is an angel, Bert—is too great, too grand, too good for me. You know, Bert, that there is no man under the sun that I like to call brother more than I would you; but it can't be. Take a cigar and some liquor, and give it up as a bad job, for it can't be. Eth would never marry you without the Earl's consent, and he never will give it."

"But," said Bertie, "he has given it."

"What!" said Fitz with surprised astonishment.

"Given it and taken it away again. Read that," said Bertie, and he handed the Earl's letter to Fitz.

He read it, and his eyes opened their widest.

"But—but," he said, "do you mean to say that the Earl gave his consent to your marrying Ethel—don't be offended, old fellow; I know you are worthy of her if anyone is—without striking a bargain?"

"N—no," said Bertie, as the Earl's words concerning the private fortune of Ethel returned to his mind. "No; he in fact informed me, very unnecessarily, that Ethel's fortune would be retained or forfeited."

"What!" exclaimed Fitz, springing up with angry astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me that her money is gone? that she is robbed with the rest of us?"

"I tell you nothing but what I heard," said Bertie calmly.

"It is gone," said Fitz, white with passion; "of course it is gone! Idiot that I was to think that he would spare that when he has taken all else! He has spent—squandered the poor girl's fortune, and then sells her bargain her away to the first comer. It is shameful. It is shameful; it is unendurable; and, by Heaven, I will not endure it!"

"The bargain is off," said Bertie bitterly. "You forget that the Earl has thought better of it. He has recalled his consent."

"Yes, because he has received a higher bid. I know him," said Fitz sternly. "He would sell her to the highest offer, as if she were a horse or a piece of furniture. When did this occur?"

"This morning," said Bertie, and then he placed Fitz in possession of such facts as he himself was cognisant of.

"I see it all," said Fitz, pulling at his yellow beard in a frenzy. "That Howard Murpoint has been at the bottom of it. But have you noticed how thick the Earl and he have been lately? I begin to hate that fellow. Do you remember the old time down there at Penruddie, when he was a regular liar bore?"

"Shall I ever forget it?" said Bertie softly.

"Oh, no! poor Leicester!" said Fitz. "Well, we said there was more in the captain, as he called himself them, than appeared at first sight; and now look at him. He's the heart and soul and the whole machinery of the Mildmays; his name is good on 'Change for any amount, and now—now he has taken to the turf in us. Bert, there's mischief brewing, mark me if there aint. Who is this Mr. Smythe? You saw him this morning?"

"A millionaire, one of his city friends, a nob and an idiot," said Bertie calmly.

"Then that's the fellow Bertie will be sold to," said Fitz with calm despair.

"No," said Bertie, rising, white and passionate. "I'd shoot him first."

"Shoot him and be hung," said Fitz, groaning. "You can't prevent it. Howard Murpoint is cleverer than us all; and if he has set his heart upon Ethel's being sacrificed to this Smythe fellow, why, sacrificed she'll be."

"I will help it," said Bertie. "I do not believe that Ethel will ever consent."

"She will," said Fitz. "I'll tell you why. They'll represent that if she marries the fellow she'll save the family; and Ethel has such straight ideas of duty that she'll consent to sacrifice herself."

"Never!" said Bertie. "I would sooner see her in her grave. I would sooner tear her from them by force."

"I'll tell you what," said Fitz. "You'd better get her away by cunning."

Bertie thought for a moment.

"By honor—no," he said.

"Then do it," said Fitz. "She will sacrifice herself for a mistaken idea of duty. Nothing will save her unless ——" He hesitated.

Bertie's blood raced through his veins.

"Fitz," he said, "give me your consent, and I will do it. You know how I love her. You have been more of a parent to her than her father. Say you consent, and I will snatch her from their clutches."

"I consent," said Fitz, "with all my heart, and I should think you less than the man you are if you didn't."

"I am thinking of her," said Bertie, rising and walking to the window. "Will she ever forgive me?"

"Try her," said Fitz, rising and walking towards him. "Try her. She loves you, Bert, I know, and ——" What's the matter?"

"Look here, quick!" exclaimed Bertie, who had started suddenly. "Look here—among the crowd now crossing the road! Isn't that the very figure and walk of poor Les? Heavens above! How like. It sent every nerve of me thrilling," and he sank into a chair, staring out of the window still.

"I didn't see him," said Fitz. "Poor fellow! you were great friends. Was it anything like him in the face?"

"No—too old," said Bertie with a sigh. "Poor Les.! Poor Les.!"

Then he fell to walking the room, and drank his soda and brandy like one parched with thirst, and at last he and Fitz got into a corner and talked in a low serious tone. They were talking when Howard Murpoint came in, his face lit up with its usual serene smile. Bertie rose and left the room, bowing the slightest in the world. Fitz shook hands languidly, and dropped into his seat again. But the captain did not care for the coldness on either side; he felt sure of his game, and could afford to be forgiving.

Meanwhile Ethel had received her orders. She had gone to her mother in a gleam of happiness, and told her all, thanking her and Heaven that had been so kind as to bless her love. The Countess regarded her with stony stare—and sent for the Earl. He smiled coldly, and addressed the astonished and dismayed girl after this fashion:

"My dear," he said, "there is some mistake. I suppose Mr. Fairfax no decided answer; or, if I did, I see good reason now to recall it. Your mother, my dear, will never consent to the match."

"Never," echoed the Countess, in obedience to a signal from the Earl.

"But," remonstrated Ethel, beautiful and pale, "Bertie—Mr. Fairfax assured me that you had consented, my lord."

"A mistake," said the Earl, "and to rectify it I have written to Mr. Fairfax. I can say no more on the matter, further than that I can never confirm-ance the match, and that I desire you will hold no communication with Mr. Fairfax, either by word or letter."

"But, my lord," pleaded Ethel, pale and tearful.

"Bet—nothing," exclaimed the Countess, as the Earl, with his cold frown, left the room. "You know it cannot be. Is it possible that you should marry this mere nobody, who has neither kith nor kin to recommend him? Forget him!"

"That is sooner said than done, mamma," said Ethel faintly. "I will obey you and my lord, but I cannot forget Mr. Fairfax, for I love him." And, so saying, she left the room.

Five minutes afterwards the Earl acquainted the Countess with Mr. Smythe's infatuation for Ethel, and his enormous wealth.

"She will marry him," said the Countess decisively. "Ethel has always been a good, obedient girl, and she will do as she is told. She will marry him."

"And Fitz must secure Miss Mildmay," said the Earl.

"Of course," said the Countess. "We have Howard Murpoint on our side."

So, very well satisfied with themselves, the Earl and Countess disposed, mentally, of their children, forgetful that Fate holds the reins, and that the coach of life must roll whither its horses convey it.

That night Ethel was taken to Coombe Lodge, and Bertie, who called at Grosvenor square, was told that the family had left town. Meanwhile Fitz remained, and the conversation he had with Bertie had nerved him to courage.

They say that one marriage makes nine, by example, and Fitz, seeing that Bertie had been brave enough to declare his love, determined to do so also. That night there was another conversazione at Lady Merivale's, and Fitz knew that the Mildmays would be guests. He had an invitation, and he determined to go, though such things were not in his way, hoping to find an opportunity of declaring his long love for Violet.

The night was hot, and Fitz felt burning with uneasiness and fear, for he feared Violet as much as he loved her. He knew within his heart of heart that she was too good for him, and yet he could not deny himself the pleasure or pain of putting the matter to the test.

Lady Merivale's rooms were not too crowded. Her ladyship had mercifully asked no more than her rooms would hold, and Fitz, as he entered rather early in the evening, could see that the Mildmay party had not arrived.

"Just my luck," he murmured. "Of course, now I've plucked up courage, she won't come. Serve me right. I know she's far too precious for me."

He sauntered to a corner and sat down beside an Italian, who had a series of sketches to show, and tried to get poor Fitz to speak to him. But the Italian only knew "Yes" and "No" in English, and Fitz only knew "Maccaroni" in Italian, so thus the conversation did not afford much amusement to either party.

Presently, as the rooms grew fuller, a tall gentleman with white hair and wearing spectacles approached the two, and, bowing to the Italian, asked permission to see the sketches. He spoke in Spanish—a language as strange to Fitz as Italian—so, after a few minutes, Fitz rose and left the Italian and Spaniard together.

The Spaniard looked up wistfully.

"Do you know Ethel your gentleman?" he asked.

"No," said the Italian.

"I do," said a stranger who stood near, and who was none other than the club newsmonger, Tommy Gossip. "That is Lord Boisdale, eldest son of Lord Lackland. He's engaged—or going to be—to Miss Violet Mildmay."

The Spaniard bowed, smiled and departed.

At that moment Violet entered, on the arm of Howard Murpoint. The Spaniard saw Lord Fitz approach and take her from Mr. Murpoint, and frowned.

"Is it true?" he murmured to himself. "Is she going to marry him? Has she forgotten me?"

Then he sighed, and sauntered off with a melancholy smile to a retired alcove. He was not in humor for the gay and talkative crowd, and wanted a little quiet. He sank down into a cool corner of the velvet lounge, and fixed his dark eyes upon the floor.

"Why did I come back?" he mused. "They think me dead; they have forgotten me; they have ceased to mourn for me, and others have stepped into my place. I will depart, leave the world, which has forgotten me no more, and try for a new life in some new land. I see the best and fairest—she whom I loved—has no thought, no faith, that lasts more than twelve months. I see that the rogue flourishes. I am disgusted with the world, and I will leave it. That poor fellow, the escaped convict, has more gratitude and affection and faithfulness than all the rest put together. We will go together—he and I, outcasts—and see the world no more."

He half rose in his bitterness, as if to carry out his threat at once and leave the world, but at that moment two persons entered the alcove.

They were Fitz and Violet.

Fitz led Violet to a seat, then, murmuring something about the draught, let down a heavy curtain before the couch on which sat the melancholy Spaniard. Thus the muser was cut off from the others, a listener, and made a spy much against his will. Before he could move to make known his presence Fitz began, and his tone more than his words betrayed the listener to the spot.

"Miss Mildmay," said Fitz, plumping into his task with a nervous precipitance, "I am so glad I can see you alone for a few minutes."

"Yes?" said Violet, looking up with dreamy, calmy serene grace, which had nothing of embarrassment, and therefore nothing of love, in it.

"Yes," said Fitz; "I have been longing for this opportunity for some time. Miss Mildmay, I am a bad hand at speaking what I mean, but you know I mean all I say. You know that, though I'm a poor, good-for-nothing wretch, who oughtn't to be allowed to breathe the same air with one so good and clever as you are, but you know that I love you ——"

Violet's face grew pale and very sad and mournful. She raised her hand to stop him; but Fitz had made the plunge, and now, like all nervous people, was reckless.

"Don't stop me, Miss Mildmay; let me go on and say my say. I've kept it within my bosom so long that I feel bursting with it. I love you with all my heart, and no man, let him be as clever as he may, can do more; and if I'm not worthy of you—which I am not—I am sure no one else is. Violet, look at me a little more kindly—you look so pale and sorrowful. Can—cannot you love me—only a little—just enough to say that you will be my wife?"

Violet turned her pale, sad face to him.

"Lord Boisdale—I—how can I answer you? You know that I have no love to give. It was thrown with all my hopes in the sea—that sea which breaks beneath those awful cliffs at Penruddie. You see I can speak calmly. I can look back at that beautiful past bravely and without shame; I am not ashamed to say that I have been heart for anything but the memory of a vanished past."

There was a slight stir behind the curtain, but the speaker did not notice it.

"But," said Fitz, "you will not spend your life in utter mourning, you will not sacrifice your own happiness and my life to such a shadow as that memory."

"It is no shadow to me!" said Violet softly, sadly, her voice dreamily distinct and low, her eyes fixed as if gazing upon something very far off. "Oh, no! I see it all, day and night; I hear his last words—the last I ever shall hear—mingling with the roar of the sea upon the shore. That past life of mine ever, day and night, and I am wedded to it. I can be no one's bride while that past, so fearful, so intense, rises and claims me for its own. It does that: it absorbs me. All this," and she turned her dreamy eyes towards the saloon, "seems but a dream to me, and those dear dread days gone by the sea are the reality. I cannot persuade myself but that I shall wake and find him whom I loved, and whom I shall see no more in this world, by my side. I cannot divest myself of the deception that there will come a great change, that the horror and despair of these latter years will be swept away, as is a mist before the sun, and that my life, with its wild, delicious hopes, will live again; that I shall awake from the dream and pass into the reality. You see," she said with a start, and evidently arousing from her reverie, and remembering, "that it is useless to ask me for love. You would not have me without, Lord Boisdale."

"I would," said Fitz, his eyes filled with tears. "Violet, dear Violet, you need someone to watch over and guard you; you need someone who could and would devote his life to recalling the smile and the sunlight to yours. I am willing, I am anxious. Confide in me, Violet; trust yourself to me. My love asks for nothing at your hands but yourself and the right to guard you. O Violet! I have loved you so long—I—I would have died for you."

"Do not speak of death!" said Violet with a shudder and a hurried gesture of entreaty. "I cannot bear that! I will have no one speak of dying for me! I believe—the dread clings to me—that he—Leicester—lives to harm through me. No, no; no one shall die for me!"

And she half rose, wild and pale.

"Be calm, dear Violet," implored Fitz. "See how wild, how frightened, you have become. Confess now that you need some strong right arm to protect you, to save you from the terrible state into which you have fallen! Violet, I do not ask you to love you; I only ask that you will promise to try. Have pity on me! You have a little, you say, but remember how I have been hoping for so long, and say that you will promise to try and love me."

Violet closed her eyes and seemed lost in thought; then she opened them and smiled sadly.

"I have been thinking of all you say, dear Lord Boisdale," she said. "I am grateful, very, very grateful. I know how good, how true, you are, and I would implore you to give that noble love to someone more deserving of it, but that I feel it would be an insult to do so. I know I am weak—perhaps that I am wicked. Oh, that I knew what was right!" she broke off wildly and with clasped hands.

"Say yes," pleaded Fitz. "You cannot trust yourself to anyone who can understand you or love you better."

"Give me time, time," pleaded Violet. "I must have time to think."

"A week?" said Fitz.

"No, no: a month—a month!" said Violet in a low, constrained voice.

"Well," sighed Fitz, "a month, if you will have it for so long. Say a month. It's a very long time, but ——" and he sighed again. "Well, a month! Try to say yes, dear Violet."

"I will," breathed Violet. "I will try to do what is right. I ought not to sacrifice you, if—if you love me as you say. I am weak and feeble and selfish, but I will do what is right."

Then Fitz rose and looked down upon her, pale and struggling with her weakness.

"I will leave you now," he said. "I am sure you are tired—and excited."

And he raised her hand to his lips. But before he could kiss it the curtain was pushed aside, and the tall, white-haired Spaniard came before them. Fitz dropped Violet's hand with a nervous start. Violet herself rose to her feet and stared wildly; but the Spaniard paused only for one moment; then, fixing his dark eyes upon her face, bowed low, murmured gravely: "Pardon, senora," and vanished as noiselessly as he had appeared.

CHAPTER XLV.

Violet, seated on a foot stool at her aunt's feet, told her all that night, and Mrs. Mildmay, as in duty bound, informed Howard Murpoint. In some way, before night fell, the world had got at it, and the clubs were rumoring that Lord Fitz Boisdale was engaged to Miss Mildmay. In a few days a rumor still more exciting and relishing was produced, to the effect that Lord Lackland had accepted the wealthy millionaire, Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, as suitor for the hand of Lady Ethel Boisdale.

Bertie at his club heard the rumor, and dashed off in search of Fitz. He found him seated moodily and dreamily in an easy-chair at the smoking-room of his favorite haunt.

"Ha, Fitz!" he exclaimed, "is it true?"

"What?" said Fitz, flushing. "What have you heard? Don't say it's too good to be true; don't cast me down, old fellow; you don't know how my heart is set upon it!" he exclaimed, thinking that Bertie alluded to the understanding between Violet and him.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you?" asked Fitz.

"Why, this—this false report that—that Ethel is to be married to that odious fellow, that miserable young money-bag?"

"I can't say I've heard," said Fitz, frowning carelessly. "If I thought that there was anything in it, I'd go for my big whip and thrash him."

At that moment a waiter put a letter into his hand. He opened it, and his face grew red with indignation.

"Read it!" he said, and thrust it into Bertie's hand.

It was an intimation from the Earl that Mr. Wilhelm Smythe had proposed and been accepted. Bertie, in his passion, could not speak a word. Fitz tore the letter into a hundred pieces, and threw the fragments into the grate.

"Chez up! But," he said, "he shall no more have her than those pieces shall come together again. We'll show them that right is stronger than might in this case."

Bertie clasped his hand.

"You will come down with me?" he said.

"I will, and will put our plot into execution; no time must be lost."

"I'll go to-night," said Fitz. "You stay here and wait till I telegraph. I'll put it carefully, so that forgetful that Fate holds the reins, and that the coach of life must roll whither its horses convey it. That night Ethel was taken to Coombe Lodge, and Bertie, who called at Grosvenor square, was told that the family had left town. Meanwhile Fitz remained, and the conversation he had with Bertie had nerved him to courage.

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"Yes?" said Violet, looking up with dreamy, calmy serene grace, which had nothing of embarrassment, and therefore nothing of love, in it.

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Violet's face grew pale and very sad and mournful. She raised her hand to stop him; but Fitz had made the plunge, and now, like all nervous people, was reckless.

"Don't stop me, Miss Mildmay; let me go on and say my say. I've kept it within my bosom so long that I feel bursting with it. I love you with all my heart, and no man, let him be as clever as he may, can do more; and if I'm not worthy of you—which I am not—I am sure no one else is. Violet, look at me a little more kindly—you look so pale and sorrowful. Can—cannot you love me—only a little—just enough to say that you will be my wife?"

Violet turned her pale, sad face to him.

"Lord Boisdale—I—how can I answer you? You know that I have no love to give. It was thrown with all my hopes in the sea—that sea which breaks beneath those awful cliffs at Penruddie. You see I can speak calmly. I can look back at that beautiful past bravely and without shame; I am not ashamed to say that I have been heart for anything but the memory of a vanished past."

There was a slight stir behind the curtain, but the speaker did not notice it.

"But," said Fitz, "you will not spend your life in utter mourning, you will not sacrifice your own happiness and my life to such a shadow as that memory."

"It is no shadow to me!" said Violet softly, sadly, her voice dreamily distinct and low, her eyes fixed as if gazing upon something very far off. "Oh, no! I see it all, day and night; I hear his last words—the last I ever shall hear—mingling with the roar of the sea upon the shore. That past life of mine ever, day and night, and I am wedded to it. I can be no one's bride while that past, so fearful, so intense, rises and claims me for its own. It does that: it absorbs me. All this," and she turned her dreamy eyes towards the saloon, "seems but a dream to me, and those dear dread days gone by the sea are the reality. I cannot persuade myself but that I shall wake and find him whom I loved, and whom I shall see no more in this world, by my side. I cannot divest myself of the deception that there will come a great change, that the horror and despair of these latter years will be swept away, as is a mist before the sun, and that my life, with its wild, delicious hopes, will live again; that I shall awake from the dream and pass into the reality. You see," she said with a start, and evidently arousing from her reverie, and remembering, "that it is useless to ask me for love. You would not have me without, Lord Boisdale."

"I would," said Fitz, his eyes filled with tears. "Violet, dear Violet, you need someone to watch over and guard you; you need someone who could and would devote his life to recalling the smile and the sunlight to yours. I am willing, I am anxious. Confide in me, Violet; trust yourself to me. My love asks for nothing at your hands but yourself and the right to guard you. O Violet! I have loved you so long—I—I would have died for you."

"Do not speak of death!" said Violet with a shudder and a hurried gesture of entreaty. "I cannot bear that! I will have no one speak of dying for me! I believe—the dread clings to me—that he—Leicester—lives to harm through me. No, no; no one shall die for me!"

And she half rose, wild and pale.

"Be calm, dear Violet," implored Fitz. "See how wild, how frightened, you have become. Confess now that you need some strong right arm to protect you, to save you from the terrible state into which you have fallen! Violet, I do not ask you to love you; I only ask that you will promise to try. Have pity on me! You have a little, you say, but remember how I have been hoping for so long, and say that you will promise to try and love me."

Violet closed her eyes and seemed lost in thought; then she opened them and smiled sadly.

"I have been thinking of all you say, dear Lord Boisdale," she said. "I am grateful, very, very grateful. I know how good, how true, you are, and I would implore you to give that noble love to someone more deserving of it, but that I feel it would be an insult to do so. I know I am weak—perhaps that I am wicked. Oh, that I knew what was right!" she broke off wildly and with clasped hands.

"Say yes," pleaded Fitz. "You cannot trust yourself to anyone who can understand you or love you better."

"Give me time, time," pleaded Violet. "I must have time to think."

"A week?" said Fitz.

"No, no: a month—a month!" said Violet in a low, constrained voice.

"Well," sighed Fitz, "a month, if you will have it for so long. Say a month. It's a very long time, but ——" and he sighed again. "Well, a month! Try to say yes, dear Violet."

"I will," breathed Violet. "I will try to do what is right. I ought not to sacrifice you, if—if you love me as you say. I am weak and feeble and selfish, but I will do what is right."

Then Fitz rose and looked down upon her, pale and struggling with her weakness.

"I will leave you now," he said. "I am sure you are tired—and excited."

And he raised her hand to his lips. But before he could kiss it the curtain was pushed aside, and the tall, white-haired Spaniard came before them. Fitz dropped Violet's hand with a nervous start. Violet herself rose to her feet and stared wildly; but the Spaniard paused only for one moment; then, fixing his dark eyes upon her face, bowed low, murmured gravely: "Pardon, senora," and vanished as noiselessly as he had appeared.

CHAPTER XLV.

Violet, seated on a foot stool at her aunt's feet, told her all that night, and Mrs. Mildmay, as in duty bound, informed Howard Murpoint. In some way, before night fell, the world had got at it, and the clubs were rumoring that Lord Fitz Boisdale was engaged to Miss Mildmay. In a few days a rumor still more exciting and relishing was produced, to the effect that Lord Lackland had accepted the wealthy millionaire, Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, as suitor for the hand of Lady Ethel Boisdale.

Bertie at his club heard the rumor, and dashed off in search of Fitz. He found him seated moodily and dreamily in an easy-chair at the smoking-room of his favorite haunt.

"Ha, Fitz!" he exclaimed, "is it true?"

"What?" said Fitz, flushing. "What have you heard? Don't say it's too good to be true; don't cast me down, old fellow; you don't know how my heart is set upon it!" he exclaimed, thinking that Bertie alluded to the understanding between Violet and him.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you?" asked Fitz.

"Why, this—this false report that—that Ethel is to be married to that odious fellow, that miserable young money-bag?"

"I can't say I've heard," said Fitz, frowning carelessly. "If I thought that there was anything in it, I'd go for my big whip and thrash him."

At that moment a waiter put a letter into his hand. He opened it, and his face grew red with indignation.

"Read it!" he said, and thrust it into Bertie's hand.

It was an intimation from the Earl that Mr. Wilhelm Smythe had proposed and been accepted. Bertie, in his passion, could not speak a word. Fitz tore the letter into a hundred pieces, and threw the fragments into the grate.

"Chez up! But," he said, "he shall no more have her than those pieces shall come together again. We'll show them that right is stronger than might in this case."

Bertie clasped his hand.

"You will come down with me?" he said.

"I will, and will put our plot into execution; no time must be lost."

"I'll go to-night," said Fitz. "You stay here and wait till I telegraph. I'll put it carefully, so that forgetful that Fate holds the reins, and that the coach of life must roll whither its horses convey it. That night Ethel was taken to Coombe Lodge, and Bertie, who called at Grosvenor square, was told that the family had left town. Meanwhile Fitz remained, and the conversation he had with Bertie had nerved him to courage.

They say that one marriage makes nine, by example, and Fitz, seeing that Bertie had been brave enough to declare his love, determined to do so also. That night there was another conversazione at Lady Merivale's, and Fitz knew that the Mildmays would be guests. He had an invitation, and he determined to go, though such things were not in his way, hoping to find an opportunity of declaring his long love for Violet.

The night was hot, and Fitz felt burning with uneasiness and fear, for he feared Violet as much as he loved her. He knew within his heart of heart that she was too good for him, and yet he could not deny himself the pleasure or pain of putting the matter to the test.

Lady Merivale's rooms were not too crowded. Her ladyship had mercifully asked no more than her rooms would hold, and Fitz, as he entered rather early in the evening, could see that the Mildmay party had not arrived.

"Just my luck," he murmured. "Of course, now I've plucked up courage, she won't come. Serve me right. I know she's far too precious for me."

He sauntered to a corner and sat down beside an Italian, who had a series of sketches to show, and tried to get poor Fitz to speak to him. But the Italian only knew "Yes" and "No" in English, and Fitz only knew "Maccaroni" in Italian, so thus the conversation did not afford much amusement to either party.

Presently, as the rooms grew fuller, a tall gentleman with white hair and wearing spectacles approached the two, and, bowing to the Italian, asked permission to see the sketches. He spoke in Spanish—a language as strange to Fitz as Italian—so, after a few minutes, Fitz rose and left the Italian and Spaniard together.

The Spaniard looked up wistfully.

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"I do," said a stranger who stood near, and who was none other than the club newsmonger, Tommy Gossip. "That is Lord Boisdale, eldest son of Lord Lackland. He's engaged—or going to be—to Miss Violet Mildmay."

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"I have been thinking of all you

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

SMOKE DISCUSSES WESTON.

BY MALEX ISKAY.

COKE.—Can you tell me, Brudder Smoke, wherein de reputation ob Weston de great walkist lies?

SMOKY.—Why, yasso; in *defect* ob *course*.

COKE.—Oh, it does, eh? And now, as you're so dreffal smart to-night, see if you can shed any *light* on de cuestion as to where de reputation of dis yer predestinated walkist fust ris or showed itself?

SMOKY.—Well, sah! It's risin', I b'lieve, was, as you might suppose, in de East somewhere. Oh, I reckleck, down in a place called Maine—dat's de home ob de plantation. I'm sartain 'bout it now.

COKE.—What's conformed your b'lief so sudden, Smoky?

SMOKY.—Oh, I jus' 'membered an impression I 'ceived at dat time.

COKE.—It must hab been a hard blow to leab an impression on you, Smoky.

SMOKY.—Don't yer know nuffin? 'Taint dat kind ob an impression; it's one ob de mind; but as I was sayin', it was Maine whar Weston fust struck out, cos at de time I was struck by "de 'tarnal fitness ob t'ings."

COKE.—Dar, now, Smoky, you'm jus' brot yersef out; I knowed all de time dat you must hab got a hard knock from somebody; but precede, Smoky, precede.

SMOKY.—If you didn't interprot me so much, Mr. Coke, you wouldn't be showin' your explorable ignorance; but I was 'bout to state de connection ob a sahcumstance.

COKE.—Well, den, state it, why don't yer?

SMOKY.—Well, I'be allus t'ot it sing'lar, yet on'y right and nat'ral, dat Maine should be de emigratin' spot for great "highs" or "stars" such as Weston; cos its on'y in a dark and be-*nighted* country dat dey can be seen or appreciated.

COKE.—Yah, yah. Putty good, Smoky, putty good; but anudder cuestion, and I'm done for to-day. You'b gub all de info'mation you can 'bout de ristn' of Weston *to* de public; now will you please tell what his family reelis or sets.

SMOKY.—Well, most gen'ally (like any true *son* ob de universe) he sets out and goes to de *West*-on foot, dus followin' a disputable law ob natur'; but dis subjec' makes me feel sort o' sad.

COKE.—Sort o' sad, Smoky? How so? Explain yourself.

SMOKY.—Well, de truf is, it kind o' pricks my mem'ry 'bout an old friend ob mine, de late damented H. G., for in what I jus' said lay de hint which detracted his notice and prompted him to utter de well-known device ob "Go West."

COKE.—Dar, Smoky, dat's a *snuff in* de witty line, an' now you'm better "pull your *west on* or down," while Signor Truffles warbles about

DOWN BY THE RIVER I'M WAITING.

To TENNY W. MORTON JR., GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Down by the river I'm waiting, dear Nell,
Waiting and longing a story to tell,
While closely I clasp your white hands.
Oh, fair is the scene, and the blossoms of June
Perfume the air and the flowers bloom soon,
My heart with the nightingale's song is in tune,
And ever sings softly of love.
Chorus.—Down by the river I'm waiting, dear Nell,
Fondest of hopes in my breast;
Waiting and longing a story to tell,
Ere fades the new moon from the West.

Down on the shore I've been roaming, dear Nell,
Since the glad daylight grew dim;
Tracing a pathway along the green dell
Lit by the moon's silver rim;
At every sweet sigh of the wind, love, I start,
So like your low whisper it seems,
And tenderest mem'ry crowd into my heart—
I'm losing the present in dreams.
Chorus.—Down by the river I'm waiting, etc.

Down on the shore I've been roaming, dear Nell,
Dreaming of days that are flown;
Sweetest of music has broken the spell—
I'm no longer alone.
That you were so near, love, I never should guess
Had I heard not your laugh glad and gay,
For your step in the light that is on the grass
To the blossoms asleep in your way.
Chorus.—Down by the river I'm waiting, etc.

Bridgeport, Ct., Feb., 1876. ANNIE M. CURTIS.

THE FIRST AND SECOND Appearances of the late Charlotte Cushman at the Old Park Theatre.

Through the kindness of "H. N. D." we are enabled to present our readers with copies of bills of the similar events. Of those who appeared in the cast, Mrs. Sharpe—afterwards Mrs. Brevoort—died of cancer Jan. 21, 1863, aged 60 years, and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery; John H. Clark died in New York Aug. 8, 1838, aged 50; W. Isherwood died Aug. 17, 1841; Peter Hastings died at Meadville, Pa., Jan. 7, 1871, aged 73; John Mason, an excellent genteel and light comedian, and a nephew of Mrs. Siddons, after retiring from the stage became a physician, and died in Philadelphia Feb., 1873, aged 68; Mr. Chippindale is following his profession in England; John Fisher died in New York May, 1847; Mr. Povey died in London, Eng., May 2, 1867, aged 67; S. D. Johnson (who afterwards made a hit as the Artful Dodger in "Oliver Twist" at the time Miss Cushman made her great success as Nancy Sykes), died in Philadelphia July 24, 1863; Mrs. Chippindale (the first) probably died in New York in the Spring of 1846; Mrs. Vernon, a great favorite at the Park, and later at theatres on Broadway, died in New York June 4, 1869, aged 73; Master and Miss Wells were afterwards known as Mons. and Mme. Sconin, and Mme. Sconin was of the Ravel Troupe, and may both be yet living; Miss Cushman's death has just occurred (Feb. 18) after a triumphal career of nearly forty years; W. Wheatley still lives in retirement in this city, but in feeble health; John Jones the vocalist died in New York Nov. 2, 1861, aged 66 years; Henry Placide the comedian died at Babylon, L. I., Jan. 23, 1870, aged 71 years; Mrs. Archer was afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Timm of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, and died Dec. 28, 1854; Mrs. Durie went to California, and there married and settled; Master Charles Sharpe became a promising comedian, and was the first husband of the present Mrs. Barney Williams. He died in Boston May 12, 1849; Miss Josephine Clifton became Mrs. Robert Place, and, though a splendid-looking woman, was entirely eclipsed as an actress during her own lifetime by Miss Cushman—she died in New Orleans Nov. 22, 1847, aged about 35.

THEATRE—PARK—NEW YORK.

Third night of the engagement of
MISS CUSHMAN.
ON SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1837,
will be performed the comedy of
WIVES AS THEY WERE AND MAIDS AS THEY ARE.
Sir Wm. Doublion...Mr. Clarke|Nobson.....Mr. Povey
Norbury.....Mr. Isherwood|Bailiff.....Mr. Johnson
Sir George Evelyn,.....|Servants,.....
.....Mr. Richings|.....Mrs. Galdott and King
Bronzely.....Mr. Mason|Lady Priory..Mrs. Chippindale
Lord Priory..Mr. Chippindale|Lady Mary Maffle,.....
Oliver.....Mr. Fisher|.....Mrs. Vernon
MRS. DORILLON.....|.....MRS. SHARPE
A Pas De Deux Ecossoise by Master and Miss Wells.
The evening's entertainment will conclude with the farce of THE POOR SOLDIER.
PATRICK.....MISS CUSHMAN
(Being her first appearance at this theatre.)
On which occasion, in addition to the songs of the piece, she will sing "The Trump of Fame" and "The Flowers of Ellerslie."
Fitzroy.....Mr. Wheatley|Father Luke.....Mr. Wells
Dermot.....Mr. Nobson|Boy.....Master Wells
Bagatelle.....Mr. Fisher|Norah.....Mrs. Archer
Darby.....Mr. Placide|Kathleen.....Mrs. Vernon
(The whole amount of receipts to the above entertainment was $363.56.)

THEATRE—PARK—NEW YORK.

Fifth night of the engagement of
MISS CLIFTON.
ON MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 28, 1837,
will be performed the farce of
A NABOB FOR AN HOUR.
Frampton.....Mr. Wheatley
Sam Hobbs.....Mr. Placide|Miss Leslie.....Mrs. Durie
Dan Pepper.....Mr. Fisher|Nancy Noreage.....Mrs. Vernon
After which will be presented, for the second time, the prize-tragedy by Mr. N. P. Willis entitled
BIANCA VISCONTI, Or, THE HEART OVERTASKED.
Bianca Visconti..Miss Clifton|Pasquoli.....Mr. Placide
Francesco Sforza..Mr. Mason|Giullo.....Mast. C. Mestayer
Sarpellione.....Mr. Clarke|Priest.....Mr. Nexsen
Romano.....Mr. Isherwood|Sentinel.....Mr. Wells
Brunorio.....Mr. Wells|Fiemmetta.....Mrs. Vernon
Pas de Deux.....by.....Master and Miss Wells
To conclude with the farce of
THE MARRIED RAKE.
Flighty.....Mr. Mason|Mrs. Flighty,.....
Susan Twist .....Mrs. Vernon|Mrs. Chippindale
Mrs. Trickett and Cornet Fitzherbert Fitzhenry,.....
.....Miss Cushman
(Her second appearance at this theatre.)
On which occasion, in addition to the second night of Bianca Visconti—$559.75, its first night having produced $1,047.25, and the third night, for the author's benefit, yielding $433.50.]

SUNSHINE OF MY HEART.

DEDICATED TO DONOVAN AND WHELTON, SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS.

WORDS AND MELODY BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

A maiden fair, with golden hair,
Has led my heart astray;
Her winning grace and sunny face
Haunt me by night and day.
When by her side, in happy pride,
How soon the hours depart—
With fondest bliss, I've named her this:
"The sunshine of my heart."
Chorus.—Oh, my pretty little fairy queen, (*Break.*)
From whom her I'll never part, (*Break.*)
But, with a kiss, I'll tell her this:
"You're the sunshine of my heart." (*Dance.*)

We meet at night, when stars shine bright,
Down by the garden gate;
And fond love meets in kisses sweet
Until the hours grow late;
I whisper then to her again;
"Oh, may we never part?"
She says to me: "I'll ever be
The sunshine of your heart."
Chorus.—Oh, my pretty little fairy queen, etc.

ROSALIE DURAND IN 1857. Her Correct Biography Now Published for the First Time.

Miss Rosalie Durand was a very handsome woman, and an excellent vocalist. She was the daughter of Richard Ferdinand Durang, for some time identified with the Philadelphia theatres, who made his first appearance in this city at the Chatham Garden Theatre (a cut of the interior of which, together with a historical sketch of the edifice, we recently published in THE CLIPPER) July 30, 1824. Without possessing extraordinary merit, he is said to have been a useful performer in almost every line—a good swordsman and dancer—excelling principally in melodramatic and French characters. He was born in Hartford, Ct., in 1796, and married Miss Susan Plane of New York. He died in this city, of consumption, in 1831. Miss Durand was born in this city in February, 1829. Before she was sixteen years of age she was married to William H. Disbrow, who, finding that a wife and child increased his expenses without contributing in any degree to his income, surreptitiously obtained a divorce from her, cast her off, and married a lady endowed with wealth. Rosalie then unfortunately met Sig. Novelli. The wily Italian, believing there was a fortune in her voice, induced her to marry him. He kept her in so great seclusion that she was utterly ignorant that he had a wife already; and, when that lady arrived in New York, he left the city, taking Rosalie with him. He never permitted her to go out alone, and if by chance she went out in company with her cousins he was sure to follow and watch them. At length she learned the position she was placed in, and, while in Baltimore, Md., she sued for a divorce; but before any decree was made Signor Novelli died in South Carolina. Rosalie Durand made her first appearance upon the stage at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in 1854, in "The Child of the Regiment." Her success was so great that Fred. Lyster, who was the musical director of that theatre, organized a company, and produced operas under the title of the Durand English-opera Troupe. The change of name—Durand, instead of Durang—occurred first through a mistake of a printer, and she let it remain, thinking that, as she had begun successfully with it, it would not be policy to rectify it. On Mr. Fraser leaving the company, a difficulty in procuring a tenor to supply his place induced Miss Durand to accept an engagement in Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, where she first appeared Oct. 11, 1855, in "The Child of the Regiment." Shortly thereafter a disagreement occurred between Mr. Burton and Miss Durand about a song in "The Swiss Cottage," and the latter withdrew and joined the company of the late Laura Keene, who opened the Metropolitan Theatre (afterwards the Winter Garden), under the name of Laura Keene's Varieties, on Dec. 27, 1855, intending to remain there until another tenor could be engaged, and her operatroupe reorganized. Some time between Dec. 24, 1855, and Jan. 5, 1856, a tenor was engaged, and the company reorganized; and Miss Georgina Hodson, who was acting Pocahontas in John Brougham's burlesque of that name during its first performances at Wallack's Theatre, suddenly disappeared, and she was subsequently discovered as a member of the Rosalie Durand English-opera Troupe. The company traveled throughout the country, meeting with much success, and then proceeded to Australia, where Miss Durand died in Sydney Dec. 12, 1866, and her remains were buried in the Roman Catholic burrying-ground in Devonshire street. After her death it was announced that she had been married to Mr. Lyster. The theatre where the performances mentioned in the appended copy of the bill were given is now the Grand Central (variety) Theatre. John Drew, the manager, died in Philadelphia May 21, 1862. Georgina Hodson is daughter of George Alfred Hodson, a musical composer, and was born in Dublin, Ireland, Oct. 14, 1830. When thirteen years of age she made her debut at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Eng., singing Amina in "*La Somnambula*." She subsequently performed in a number of the principal theatres in London, Eng., and came to America in 1855, and made her first appearance as Wallack's Theatre, in this city, Oct. 22 of that year, acting Carlo in "Asmodeus." She married John Robertson. We have no record of her death. Francis Trevor was born in London, Eng., and made his American debut at Brougham's Lyceum (afterwards Wallack's Theatre), Broadway near Broome street, in this city, in 1851. He has not been heard of during recent years. Bill contributed, and much of the information concerning Miss Durand furnished, by Mr. Augustus Toedteberg of Brooklyn, L. I., who obtained it from one of Miss Durand's near relatives.

JOHN DREW'S NATIONAL THEATRE,
Walnut street, above Eighth, Philadelphia.
Lessee and Manager.....Mr. John Drew
Leader of the Orchestra.....Signor V. Di Carlo
Dress circle and parquet, 87½c.; orchestra chairs, 50c.; family circle, 25c.; seats in private box, 75c.
Doors open at half-past 7. To commence at 8 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 to 3 o'clock, where seats can be secured without extra charge.
REPETITION OF "SONNAMBULA," BY GENERAL DESIRE.
Last night of the engagement of the celebrated
NEW ORLEANS ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE,
composed of the following talented artists:
MISS ROSALIE DURAND,
MISS GEORGIE HODSON.
MR. FRED LYSTER, and
MR. FRANK TREVOR,
with a full and efficient chorus and an increased orchestra.
Acting-manager.....Mr. W. S. Luyster
Seats may be secured in advance.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 1, '57,
will be presented Bellini's Grand Opera of
SONNAMBULA.
Count Rudolpho..Mr. Lyster|Alessio.....Miss R. Durand
Elvino.....Miss G. Hodson|Theresa.....Mrs. Nichols
Alessio.....Mr. F. Trevor|Lisa.....Miss Wilks
Notary.....Peasantry, etc., by the company.
SYNOPSIS OF MUSIC.—Opening chorus, peasants, etc. Songs: "Sounds so Joyful," Lisa. Wedding Chorus, by Harold's Bowers. Recitation and cavatina: "Tender Companions," Amina. Cavatina: "As I View These Scenes," Rodolpho. Duet: "I Take Now this Ring," Amina and Elvino. Finale: Prison Chorus.
ACT II.—Duet: "Good Heavens," Amina and Rodolpho. Concerted Finale: "Hear Me Swear."
ACT III.—Aria: "All is Lost Now," Elvino. Rondo Finale: "Ah, Don't Mingle." Amina. Concerted piece and aria: "Ah, I Could Ne'er Believe It."
Previous to the opera:
GRAND OVERTURE BY THE FULL ORCHESTRA.
Owing to the extreme length of the opera, no other piece will be performed on the same evening.
To-morrow (Tuesday),
BENEFIT OF MISS GEORGIE HODSON.
In rehearsal, the beautiful piece entitled ALINE, OR THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

"DOT MAN MID DHER 'OFF-COLORED NOSE."

BY JOSEPH G. WOOD.

Dhere's a chap dot comes into my blace efery day,
When I see him id mages me feel queer;
He's god a face like a boil-barrel—his nose
Is der ugliest sight dot I ever see;
He drings dree or four dhem big "schooners" of bier,
Und don't stop between to dook breath;
But when he gets drough he vide opens his moudh,
Und dhen dries to "dalk me to death!"

Spoken—Und dot is dher oggashion of my so ofden saying:

Chorus—Von't somepody goax him avhay,
Und gife me a leedle rebose?
Id vould mage me feel habby und gay to get rid of
Dot man mid dher "off-colored" nose!

Dhis feller he vonce vas a Shudge, der pays say,
Und I dink vat dhey dell me is drue:
He ad lead vas "a Shudge of bad budge"—any vhay,
His nose vas id gwick show dot to you!
I don'd lige to see him gome into my blace,
Dhough he vhears der best "Baxter-sheet glose;"
He mages for my blace und my bier a pad name—
"Dot man mid dher 'off colored' nose!"

Spoken—Id's reasonable to subbose if dhey shod his nose dhey'll dink id vas my bier dot golored id! Dherefore I repead:

Chorus—"Von'd somepody coax him avhay," etc.

Dhere's some funny young fellers dot gome in my blace;
On dis snoozer dhey blayed a queer drick;
He knew I'd peen in since dhis time—near dree weeks—
So I guess dot dher snoozer is seek!
He game in von night; oh, vasn't he deight?
Und dhem young fellers vhad did they do—
Vhad do you subbose? Vhy, *they vend for his nose*,
Und dhey bainted id *red, vide und plue!*

Spoken—Und efer since dot dime I nefer haf had oggashion to say:

Chorus—"Von'd somepody goax him avhay," etc.

EXHIBITION OF "PERPETUAL MOTION."

The following advertisement appeared in the Philadelphia papers in the Fall of 1811. The inventor, Charles Redbeffer of Germantown, Pa., claimed that he had discovered perpetual motion; but as the exhibition did not last forever, and as the motion seems to have come to an early end, the inventor must have been disappointed, and turned his steps Westward. The reader will please to observe the terms of admission, which would have frightened the slightest of the present day. We cannot understand why female visitors were admitted gratis, unless the proprietor of the exhibition relied upon the tongues of his lady visitors for his perpetual motion:

PERPETUAL MOTION.

The curious, the mechanical, the learned and ingenious may be gratified in seeing and in being convinced that that which for centuries has occupied, perplexed and puzzled the philosophic and experimental world (and, indeed, by some of the greatest mechanical geniuses supposed beyond the reach of human invention) is now fully, completely and perfectly demonstrated in the SELF-OPERATING, SELF-MOVING MACHINE constructed by the subscriber, on principles purely mechanical, and now offered to the inspection of an enlightened people. Lovers of the arts and sciences will, it is confidently expected, be highly gratified in seeing and in contemplating that amazing display of genius which it has fell to the lot of an American to exhibit, which must, by the whole world, be allowed to surpass any invention heretofore discovered or made public whereon mechanism had the principal agency. It will for a few days be exhibited from 9 o'clock forenoon to 4 o'clock afternoon, three doors below Mr. Henry Cress' tavern, Chestnut Hill, Germantown township, Philadelphia County, Pa. C. R. N. S.—Admission, five dollars. Female visitors gratis. Tickets to be had at the inns of Henry Cress, Levi Rex and John Grover, Chestnut Hill.

Editors of papers friendly to new inventions will oblige by giving the above a few insertions.
September 10.

PLAYIN' POOL.

To WARD WOOD.
BY ROBERT MCKAY.

I've heardt out many gurious games,
"Seven Oud!" und "Eucheren,"
Und oddersI forgot deir names,
Pud I know most oud dem;
Der von I speag apoud is ped
Gonnected mid dot school,
No "high low jacks" or "chokers" in
Dot leedle game galled "Pool."

Spoken.—I nefer shall remember der first dime vot I vas initialaded indo der intriggaracies ouf dot game. I saidt to myself—

Chorus.—Se helb me chimney, ever since
Der dime I vend to schoo!
I don'd vas seen a game like dot
Dot vas galled "Pool."

Der first dime vot I blayed dot game
Vas up by Onion Square—
Some fellows asgked me ouf I'd blay;
I saidt I didn't gare;
Der pails vere prought, we all dook sdicks,
Und den gommenced to blay;
It vas for der drinks—dey dook champagne,
For vich I hadt to bay.

Spoken.—I gonsidered id a shame dot I hadt do seddle for der champagne; pud as id vas on der "square" I didn't say something apoud id, pud I thought to myself—

Chorus.—So helb me, chimney, ever since, etc.

I vond'd addempt now do explain
How id vas dot I god schuce—
Perhaps id vas as some vone saidt,
Dot I vas in hardt luck;
Id may hafe peen, pud oh! I bray
May some excided mood
Kigh me apart if efer I blay
Again dot game galled "Pool."

Chorus.—So helb me, chimney, ever since, etc.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME and other Startling Feats at the Boston (Mass.) Circus in 1810.

Some time ago we published a copy of a bill of the above-named circus, in which the feats of turning a somersault while riding a horse around the arena, and an act now called "The Bounding Jockey," were described. We now give another bill of the same show, in which Master Tatnal is announced to "ride with his toe in his mouth." Mr. Bell, who accomplished the feat of turning a somersault while riding around the arena, is herein billed to turn a somersault over four horses and through a hogshead of fire.

BOSTON CIRCUS.
Bottom of the Mall.
THIS EVENING, FEB. 6, 1810.

Mr. Bell respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that himself will take place THIS evening; and hopes they will favor him with their company.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. BELL.

The evening's amusement will commence with
GRAND MILITARY EVOLUTIONS
by Six Riders.
MASTER TATNAL will RIDE WITH HIS TOE IN HIS MOUTH, and lay across his Horse; likewise will JUMP THE WHIP.
MR. RICKETTS, the Clown, will execute many laughable feats of Buffoonery.
MR. BELL will perform many feats of agility. He will ride on his head with his toes extended in the air: he will change himself into many different postures in tumbling.
MR. DAVIS will execute many feats of agility, and will ride on his toes, standing erect.
THE SLACK ROPE, by Mr. Bell, in which he hangs and plays on the rope in many different ways, in full swing.
The comick scene of the Clown by Mr. Ricketts, with Mr. Bell.

TUMBLING BY THE COMPANY.

Mr. Bell will throw a LOFTY SOMERSET OVER FOUR HORSES, and also THROUGH A HOGSHEAD ON FIRE!

The whole to conclude, for the second time, with the much-admired and entertaining scene of
THE ITALIAN SHADES,
where people will be seen jumping down from the top of the stage, and rising from the ground; where men and boys of all ages are seen, from two to twelve feet in height; a man's head and arms will be cut off and throwed to the top of the stage. [The Italian Shades with which the entertainments closed have more recently been produced under the title of "The Shadow Panomime," which when revived a few years ago was thought to be new and original.—ED. CLIP.]

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S WATCH.—*The Charlottesville* (Va.) *Chronicle* says that Dr. W. C. N. Randolph of Charlottesville has Mr. Jefferson's silver watch. Lord Lincoln, Mr. Jefferson's Attorney-general, wore it at the dispersion of the judges at the close of Adams' administration, before Jefferson was sworn into office. Mr. Lincoln appeared in the court-room at midnight, and stated that he was ordered to take possession of the office and papers. "Why, Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified," exclaimed the astonished Chief-justice. "Mr. Jefferson considers himself in the light of an executor, bound to take charge of the papers of the Government until he is duly qualified," was the reply. "But it is not yet ten o'clock," said Judge Marshall, taking out his watch. Mr. Lincoln pulled out his watch, and, showing it to him, said: "This is the President's watch, and rules the hour."

THE ITALIAN LOTTERIES are a source of great revenue to Victor Emanuel's government. In one year various speculators deposited $18,000,000 in the public treasury, and the sums paid out in prizes, etc., did not amount to more than $10,000,000, so that the government netted $5,000,000.

DRAMATIC NOVELTIES IN EUROPE.

"L'ETRANGERE"

is the title of a new five-act comedy from the pen of M. Dumas, presented at the Theatre Francaise, Paris, France, on Monday evening, Feb. 14. The correspondent of *The* (London) *Era* writes as follows about it:

The action developed in the five acts takes place, with the exception of the third, in one room, the private salon of the young Duchess de Septmonts, so that one of the duties of almost every character is to enter it. When the curtain rises we find the father of the Duchess, M. Maurieaux, a retired shopkeeper of the Faubourg St. Denis, who had become a millionaire, recounting to an old friend whom he had not seen for many years, Dr. Remonin, the events that had taken place since the latter had been intimate with the family. Maurieaux has married, eighteen months before the action opens, his beautiful daughter, Catherine, to the Duke de Septmonts, one of those distinguished roues whom a misalliance rescues from ruin and suicide. The wealthy shopkeeper's motives in seeking to marry his daughter into the peerage were somewhat akin to those of M. Emile Augier's typical parvenu M. Poirier; but Maurieaux is not, like the latter, ambitious on his own account. He had bought, at the age of seventy, seven hundred years of nobility in five minutes by his bargain; but he is a warm-hearted old fellow, and had no idea that he was sacrificing his child's happiness. The match had been brought about through the instrumentality of an eccentric American lady, Mrs. Clarkson, who had received half a million of francs for her trouble in the transaction; and now, eighteen months after the marriage, the Duke has left his wife live on terms the reverse of intimate or affectionate, and rumor has it that Mrs. Clarkson was formerly, and has never ceased to be, the mistress of Septmonts. The Duchess is giving in the gardens of her hotel a charity fete, at which all her fashionable friends are assembled. She there sees conversing with the "Etrangere," who has entered with the rest of the paying public, a young engineer named M. Gerard, to whom, before her marriage, she had been fondly attached. He was the son of her governess, and the young people loved each other ardently. But Gerard, knowing how wide a gulf Catherine's fortune created between their hopes, had left her to practice his profession in a distant country, and since she had become Duchesse de Septmonts this was the first time the young girl had seen him. All her former love revives in a moment, increased by jealousy at seeing that he is acquainted with the mysterious Mrs. Clarkson. This lady has the reputation of sowing ruin and unhappiness in her path. She is a social enigma. Run after by all the men, even by the most aristocratic, she counts no lady among her acquaintances, nor has she been ever seen in any salon. If public rumor is to be credited, there can be no doubt as to the laxity of her morals, and many are the stories of admirers who have either blown out their brains or rushed into ruin for her sake. When the Duchesse and her circle of intimate aristocratic friends return from the gardens, the apparition of this strange being at the fete is soon the subject of general conversation. The ladies have nothing to say of her that is good, and no gentleman attempts to defend her. But all the ladies are acquainted with Mrs. Clarkson's history, and cynical definition which one of the haughty dames gives of her is that "she is not a woman, but a club." Just at that moment the Etrangere receives a note from the Baroness, requisitioning a singular demand. She requests permission to take a cup of tea in the Duchesse's salon, and is willing to pay for the privilege 25,000 francs towards the object of the charity. The Duchesse replies at once that, Mrs. Clarkson can find any gentleman of the Septmonts' circle to give her his arm, the favor requested shall be accorded, and, if she fails, the poor people will not be the losers, for the Duchesse herself pay 25,000 francs to the fund. There is a long pause when the Duchesse reads aloud to her friends this request and her response. None of the gentlemen seem inclined to constitute himself the mysterious lady's cavalier, until at last the Duke (Coquelin) rises slowly, and, to his wife's dismay, declares that he will be the Etrangere's introducer. Catherine's husband is a handsome roue, accentuated by the clever manner in which Coquelin delineates his peculiarities. In face and figure he is a *gommeux* of the period; his blood is that of the Parisian, overweening idea of his own consequence, is flippant and impertinent, and is extremely sensitive on the "point of honor," and by which he supposes he stoops to any petty baseness which his passions or inclinations might suggest. There is something almost chivalresque in the manner in which this degraded scion of a noble race braves the anger of his wife and the displeasure of his mother, in constituting himself the champion of the contemned Mrs. Clarkson. A moment after the Etrangere enters—learns, from the lady whom he has escorted, that she is powerfully dramatic. She advances to the Duchesse, whom she salutes with a courtesy as haughty and contemptuous as her own. The latter at once calls in a rude tone for a cup, fills out the tea, and presents it in the most abrupt manner to the unwelcome intruder. Without deigning to notice this studied impertinence, Mrs. Clarkson converses with the greatest ease and politeness with all the gentlemen present; and then, when placing her cheque in Catherine's hand, requests her to return the visit. "We can then," she whispers in leaving, "converse at our ease about one whom you love and who loves you, M. Gerard!" The Duchess is thunderstruck at finding her secret known to this woman, but the instant that the Etrangere has passed her husband asks Mauricaux's forgiveness for his wife's conduct, and in the most superior manner for the violence of her temper by dashing into pieces the cup from which her visitor had just drunk, and in a loud tone bids a servant "throw open all the doors, for she is about forth anyone may enter my house!" On this startling scene the act-drop falls. The second act opens with a long conversation between Dr. Remonin and one of Catherine's aristocratic friends, the Countess de Remieres, a cousin of the Duke de Septmonts. The Duke insists that his wife shall return Mrs. Clarkson's visit, but Catherine determinedly refuses to undergo this overwhelming insult. Through the benevolent agency of Dr. Remonin, however, who sides altogether with the Duchesse, and who looks on her husband as unworthy to be called a man, or even to exist, Gerard has been induced to visit his former lady love. Catherine, on seeing him, throws herself into his arms in the belief that he is about to propose elopement always, and proposes as the most natural thing in the world that she should at once run away with him. It is not until the young man, whose sentiments are most noble, reminds her that her husband has challenged him to mortal combat, and will be rendered childless for her sake, she promises to fill his place beside her. The scene is infinitely tender. Their interview is interrupted by the appearance of the Duke, to whom the Duke had written, thinking that with his free-and-easy American notions he would prove a second unlikely to be scrupulous as to honor in the affair, and who was not able to murder Gerard more easily. Not only this, but he entrusts to Clarkson's keeping the fatal letter, and asks him in case he fails to have it published, so as to insure a complete revenge on the Duchesse by blasting her name. Instinctively the honest American, who suddenly reveals himself as the real hero of the play, suspects an infamy. He questions the Duke as to the object of the letter, and, having borrowed 150,000 francs from the Etrangere to pay a gaming debt, that he had reimbursed her and cleared off his entire liabilities, he refuses to give it up. He seizes the letter directed to Gerard, and now wished to make a tool of himself with the idea that he would lend himself to base action. And then the denouement, which had been so little shadowed forth during the preceding part of the play, begins to reveal itself in the most unexpected manner, and it is here that M. Dumas' skill as a playwright is made so strikingly manifest. The interest of the audience in the story has been led on by an infinity of details to the culminating point, but no one could have a foresight of the end. Clarkson, like a brave, hare-brained, good-hearted American as he is, feels himself insulted by the proposition which the Duke has made to him, and is disgusted at the miserable meanness of the blue-blooded aristocrat. "It seems to me," he says, "that I am speaking to people who say as they please, and that you are a scoundrel!" The Duke can hardly believe his ears. "Are you addressing these words to me?" he exclaims in a tone of the most puzzled amazement. "Of course I am," replies Clarkson. "Then give me back the letter, and when I shall have settled with M. Gerard will come your turn!" "I'll give you the letter; never while I live. I shall transmit it to the person to whom it has been stolen; and if you think I shall allow you an opportunity of killing a man by whose talents I expect to save 25 per cent. on my gold-washing, you are mistaken. Let us take a pair of swords and go down to your garden at once. I want to leave Paris to-night, and shall be able to do so afterall." The Duke unsheathes and twists, but the American keeps an insult upon insult, until Catherine's husband is lashed into a fury, and, as the two opponents rush out of the room to settle their dispute, the wife, who has overheard all, enters in a fever of alarm at the idea that blood is to be shed. As she rushes to the window that overlooks the garden, the Etrangere enters. When she hears what is passing so close to them, she replies in a tone of icy indifference: "Madame, you must have dreamed of being free, and you are about to become so. Look, you are a widow!" She adds, as Clarkson appears at the back of the stage, quietly drawing on his gloves. He advances, gives the fatal letter to the Etrangere, and says, "Be so good as to return this to the Duchesse. It is, I have every reason to believe, the last wish of her husband." The Etrangere places it on the table before Catherine. "I have lost," she hisses between her teeth, "and I pay." Then, turning to the American, she adds: "You have been too generous too small for her, and that she is ready to go back with him across the Atlantic. As the curtain is falling, the Commissary of Police enters to arrest Clarkson, who exclaims in astonishment: "What a strange country!" and as Dr. Remonin is asked to certify to the death of the Duke, his sardonic reply "With pleasure!" constitutes the only funeral oration to De Septmonts, and are the final words of the play. The useless husband has been removed, and the central value called Duchesse de Septmonts will be united with an adequate value, the high-minded Gerard.

The cast included Mlle. Croizette as the Duchesse, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt as the Etrangere, M. Coquelin as the Duke, M. Febre as Clarkson, Mounet-Sully as Gerard, M. Thiron as Maurieaux, and M. Got as Dr. Remonin.

"LE CHARMEUR,"

a comedy in three acts by Louis Leroy, is the latest production at the Gymnase, Paris.

The charmer is a young architect, who can handle vipers with impunity and prevent wild beasts from attacking him by the fascination of his look. He is enabled to employ his powers upon human beings as an old castle in Normandy, where he has been sent to carry out some restorations for the owner, the Comte de Fontenaille. This nobleman is no other than his grandfather, but neither of them is aware of the relationship; for the young architect's mother had been disowned by her father for contracting a marriage of which he disapproved. Forgetful of the Code Civil, which forbids persons who have offspring of their own from adopting any other child, the writer represents M. de Fontenaille as having adopted a girl called Benoni, who grew up into a young lady with very masculine tastes, and whose time is mostly occupied in shooting and hunting. Need it be said that the charmer, after having won the good-will of all the servants in the house, gains her affection, and this he does by subjecting her to the charm of his look just as she is going to shoot a disobedient pointer. The gun drops from her hands, and she throws over for him a country gentleman, who is so indignant that he challenges the fascinating young man to a duel, and is, as a matter of course, wounded. It only remains to overcome the stubborn old *vieux*, resolves of the old Count, and this, too, is achieved by the "firm yet limpid look" which has played such havoc with reptiles, wild beasts, and young ladies.

"A SPELLING-BEE, OR THE BATTLE OF THE DICTIONARIES."

an "absurdity" by R. Reece, was brought out at a matinee at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Eng., Feb. 16.

J. L. Toole puts in an appearance as Professor Muddle, a pedagogue, who, having earned but a scanty pittance by teaching, has resolved to make a fortune by taking advantage of the latest craze for "spelling-bees." His wife is at the head of a "seminary" for young ladies, and his greatest desire is to be able to secure the services in the chair at the competition as her arranged of a certain Lady Pamela Puzzlem, famous for its "covers" which she puts to the students of Webster and Walker. By her aid Professor Muddle, who believes in Walker, imagines he can inflict a crushing defeat upon his rival, Professor Meddle, whose faith is in Webster. Moreover, the first prize in the competition is to be the hand of Miss Julia Muddle, whose heart is already in the keeping of an ardent wooer, hateful to her father, seeing that his name is Theodore Webster. The young lovers find a warm supporter of their cause in Mary Ann, the domestic of the establishment, whose opinion of spelling-bees is thus delivered: "Those who can spell needn't make a show of it—it's only a common education; and those who can't had better stop at home and learn." Mary Ann, having first joined Professor Muddle in a duet and dance, disguises herself as Lady Pamela Puzzlem, takes the chair, proposes the words to be spelt, and invariably decides in favor of Theodore Webster. There are sundry "literary disputes" in the shape of tree fights; and when one worthy, asked to spell parallel, starts at the t, which he gives repeatedly with the aspirate, he is very emphatically rebuked by the Professor with the words "Hallo! where are *you* going to?" The fun becomes fast and furious, when a gentleman is seen particularizing from a private box, evidently anxious to address the Professor. He wants to offer a word. "Well, what is it?" says Muddle. "Rheumatism" is the reply. "Oh! then you don't spell rheumatism with a w, Mr. Clarkson," is the Professor's retort. "Well, I've had a pretty good *spell* of rheumatism, and I prefer *to leave it in your hands*" The fun reaches a climax in the discovery and confusion of the false Lady Pamela, whose disguise has served to effect the object of uniting two loving hearts.

"MY HEART'S DARLING,"

an original drama, written by Brandon Ellis, was first acted at the Theatre Royal, Bath, Eng., Feb. 14.

The story upon which the play is founded may be briefly stated. Merton has a stepbrother, Ernest Lawton, for whom he has a bitter enmity, and in consequence of that feeling obtains and secretes all proof of the legitimacy of his stepbrother, and by persecution drives him from his home. The brother manages by perseverance to get proficient in drawing and architecture. In pursuit of his profession he resides at Reading Farm. He meets and becomes intimate with the daughters of Sir Gervais Acton. One of the daughters, Adele, falls in love with Lawton, and obtains for him the work of erecting a mansion for her father. Sir Frank Merton, who is courting Adele, and eventually marries, is cousin of Adele's, is maddened by the success of his stepbrother, and employs a ruffian, Adrian Woodward, to murder him. He is overheard by a friend of Lawton's, Lord Sawdowne, who is betrothed to a sister of Adele's, concocting the scheme. Lord Sawdowne, by withdrawing Lawton from the scene of intended murder, saves him; but Sir Frank, overanxious for the success of

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STANDING RULE[OF],plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Mar. 6.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Marie
Armond, Arena (vocalist)
Adams, Mrs. Grimaldi
Aiello, Mrs. S.
Blossom, Mrs. "Nat"
Breyer, Mary
Bailey, Eliza (of Wildman's Co.)
Bidwell, "Dollie"
Bittman, Mrs. Grace
Bland, Edith
Barnard, Mrs. Chas. S.
Bernard, Mrs. Mollie
Bilton, Carrie
Connolly, Sadie
Cushing, Bella
Davenport, Fannie
Dearden, Fannie (2)
Delmay, Lu-lu
Duval, Cora
Davis, Lizzie (vocalist)
De Loraine, Elise
Edna, Miss
Fawer, Fannie (vocalist)
Forrest, Kate (late of Philadelphia)
Fritz, Kittie Sharp
Fontainblean, Mlle.
Gaugain, Marie 3c.
Grey, Ada
Gleason, Mollie
Grimes, Josephine
Gratian, Mrs. H. P.
Henderson, Mrs E. M.
Hanley, Grace
Holman Sisters
Haslam, Hulda (2)
Herrmann, Mrs. A.
Herbert, Carrie
Henri, Flora
Johnson, Nellie
Kurtz, Antonine
Loder, Minnie
Luellie, Fannie
Leak, Annie
Laverde, Mrs. C. M.
Lancaster, Nannie
Leigh, Rosa (dram. "biz")
La Rue, Ella (barlotist)
"Little Nell"
Mitchell, Maggie
Monague, Miss F. S.
Montague, Mrs.
Merritt, Pauline 6c
Montello, May
Morris, Clara
Mason, Sallie
Miller, Adeliade 3c.
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Melville, Emma
Palmer, Minnie (2)
Price, Miss (late of Toronto, Canada)
Russell, Tillie
Rowell, Hattie
St. Felix, Mad.
Sawyer, Jennie
Seamon, Minnie
Stanley, Kittie
Sawyer, Mollie
St. Felix, Leanora
Silvano, Cora L.
Saalsbury, Mrs. Maggie
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Sylvester, Louise
Sidney, Adele
Turner, Bessie
Wyman, Susie (vocalist)
Wesner, Minnie (of Gerite's Minst.)
Williams, Mrs.
Warner, Florence
Williams, Gussie
Zoerster, Anna (2)
Zeonetti, Zoe

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ainsley, Wm.
Almonte, Chas.
Allison, Jno.
Atkins, F. (of Mlle. Bertie's Co.)
Ashton, Wm. (gymnast)
Asmus, H. (musician)
Aiken, Frank E.
Austin, Chas.
Bryer, Geo. G.
Bosworth, M. Frank
Bangs, Frank
Bandello, Jno.
Biddie, J. (of Angie Schott's Co.)
Burnton, Wm. E.
Burns, J.
Burgess, "Cool"
Burke, W. E.
Baker, Peter
Bray, Walter
Benjamin, H. (with Heywood Bros.)
Barry, J. W.
Bush, L. T.
Bloodgood, Harry
Bowman, Jno.
Beeler, Frank
Benedict, "Lew" (6)
Cobb, Jas. Frank
Bolter, Saml.
Bachelor, Geo.
Bishop, Jno. F.
Broughton, J. (of Mason's Co.)
Britt, Ed. F.
Baker, Harron
Brunnell, Jas.
Butler, Chas. W.
Benton, Saml.
Bates, Walter
Byne, Ernest
Bernell, Geo. (with Barnum)
Blake, A. B. (actor)
Blitz, Eugene
Bunnell, Chas.
Byrne, Valentine
Blackwell, S. M.
Bennett & Kerbell
Brown, Chas. J.
Burke, J. M. (of Buffalo Bill Co.) 6c.
Clough, Collins & Moore
Campbell, Bartley T.
Conwell, Wm.
Conroy & Lewiston
Culver, Chas.
Carter, Boyd.
Chapman, Wm. E.
Cobb, Willis (2)
Cease, Jos. H.
Collins, J. as.
Coes, Geo. H.
Cummings, Jos. H.
Cellons, Chas. "Andy" (banjoist)
Cotton & Birdne
Carr, Jas. (comedian)
Carncross, Mr. (of Carncross & Dixie)
Clark (of Clark Brothers)
Catlett, Saml.
Catlett, Gust. R.
Catlett, "Gus"
Collins, Frank (of Collins' Bros.)
Chace, C. C. (3) 6c.
Chace, Wm. (of Chace & Davis)
Carr, Frank (agent)
Carsiens, E. A. 3c.
Carson, Jr., "Kit" (6)
Carr, E. M.
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Clark Bros.
Dobson, Frank B.
Dunbar, E. C. (3)
Denier, "Tony"
Dumont, Frank (2)
De Haven, Claude
Davies, J. H.
Demont, Jas. (circus "biz")
Dupree & Benedict, Manager of (2)
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Co.)
Dillon, C. (of Healy's Co.)
Dalton, Harry
Duffy, Wm. H.
Diamond, Wm. (2)
Daniels, H. C.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (3)
Everett, L. H.
Evans, J. T.
Edwards, Geo. H.
Emerson & Clark
Ellis, C. (of Washburne & Co.) (2)
Edwards, G. H. (with Dup. & B.) 6c.
Foster, Hernandez
Forbes, Chas. F.
Filkins, Mr. (with Haverly)
Frankum, Geo. W.
Frost, Hyatt
Flanders, F.
France, Sidney C.
Fair, Geo. A.
Fisher, Geo. C.
Frawley, Wm.
Fulton, Jno. E.
Foster, Jos. (author and manager)
Frake, W.
Ferguson, W. J.
Gilfoyle, Wm.
Grady, J.
Gaylord, A. E. (2)
Guy, Wm. H.
Gastone, Albert
Graham, Sas. A.
Gibbons, Frank A.
Gurr, Harry
Goshen, Jas. (add. "biz")
Gregory, C. J. (gymnast)
Harry Gardner, late for Brown and Samuel A. Burke, is notified of letters addressed to him in care of the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house on March 6.
Her is what is preparing in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Opera-house on March 6 for Henry E. Abbey, Emelie Vincent and Jas. Taylor,

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, March 6, '76.

March comes in appropriately pious—that is, like the lion and the lamb, with the fury and bluster of the former, and snow as white as the fleece of the latter, but all so beautifully harmonious and evenly balanced as to give peaceful welcome to the advent of Lent, which also ushered in the opening of Spring, and, let us hope, from the indications, an improved condition of the industries of the country. With "hard times and nothing to do," the poorer classes of society have undergone much suffering and many privations during the Winter; but the mildness of the season prevented still greater misery. Truly, "as the wind been tempered to the shorn lamb," scriptturally speaking. We say that the invigorating points to a revival in business; and, though that revival may be gradual, in effects may be the more lasting, for wild speculations seem to have had their day, and enterprises now entered upon will rest upon a solid foundation. The hopes of many for a success of the Centennial, Of its success there can be scarcely a doubt. It will be the grandest show of the century. One hundred years ago we hadn't a any President to inaugurate any more than we have at present, though candidates are squaring their sails and trimming their stumps preparatory to the Fall campaign. One hundred years ago we had no crooked whiskey any more than we have. Well, we hadn't any *then*, that's certain. A century ago there was very little doing in theatricals, and still less in circuses and Black Shows; and had you told an old-time that "Engaging angels, and fiendish devils, would set the people wild with delight in 1868, that old-timer would have done serious injury to the informer for putting into circulation such false intelligence. One hundred years ago there was no Hippodrome, there were no Moody and Sankey evangelists, there was no Louise Kellogg to enliven the Centennians with English opera, nor was there any variety or circus performer capable of turning a double somersault from feet to feet, or crossing the Niagara on a single rope. We had all these luxuries now. "Nay, more," as the play-actor says, we have female minstrel bands, we have female praying bands, and we have female baseball clubs! And we hadn't so many prisons one hundred years ago as we have today, nor was there such need of them, for "rings" had not been invented; neither were "irregularities" so prevalent as they are to-day, nor was the "stay of proceedings" such a strong point in favor of the criminal lawyer and his insane clients one hundred years ago. Who among you can lay your hand upon your heart and say you saw a variety entertainment in the Spring of 1776? "Not one of you; no, not one!" Where was Tony Pastor a hundred years ago? Where Robert Fox, or John F. Poole, or Robert Butler, or Col. Sinn, or J. M. Mortimer, a hundred years ago? "Rose Michel" was altogether unknown at that early period in our history, and Tooker failed to make the connection between "Julius Cæsar" and the man who lived in the early days of the Republic. Where Nibblo's now stands was nothing but a barren waste in the times whereof we write; though, for that matter, it is a barren waste now, barring that the owner is unable to secure a tenant for it, and where was Daly a hundred years ago? Busily engaged in getting up the material for his future contemporaneous society plays of human interest. A century ago Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris knew no more about the sea than they that destined to create in the theatrical world than chalk is like cheese. How we love to revert to the olden time, and to the lights that shone in the olden days! There was no "Brass" in those—ah, yes, unfortunately, brass did play its part then the same as it plays it now, for all was not gold that glittered. The song-and-dance was just planted at that remote period, and it has taken nearly a hundred years to bring it to its present state of perfection! If Dion Boucicault claims the paternity of this great feature of our amusements of to-day, we shall not dispute his claim, however much we may be inclined to doubt it; for Dion and his colleagues originated many of the choicest exotics in our theatric conservatory, and age does not seem to make stale his caustic touches nor wither his infinite jest. And the girls of the period! Where were they one hundred years ago? They were quietly plotting for man's overthrow by the introduction of the undress uniform and the display of those female charms which were wont to set Brooklyn in a fever of excitement. We challenge the oldest inhabitant to swear that one hundred years ago he saw a man shot out of a cannon; yet we see it done now, and nothing is thought of it. Verily, time makes many changes, and we marvel at the growling capacity of mankind for cheerfully taking in all these wonderful inventions. One hundred years ago, Lydia Thompson, and Pauline Markham and Bessie Bellew, and other juveniles of that period, sought to introduce their specialties to the New World, but the weary pilgrims "wouldn't have it," and that is why, in later years, they brought their acts to public notice in the great metropolis of America! Who ever saw "Neck and Neck" in 1776, although it was a pretty tight squeeze with some of our forefathers in that era. And Doud Byron! Did *he* surfeit 'em in '76? And yet he is as fresh to-day as he was in ages that have floated down the vista of time. If Max Maretzek invented Italian opera a hundred years ago, it was left for the present generation to encourage the gallant impresario, and "set him up again." What if John McCullough wears the shoes of Forrest? Does it follow that he wears his mantle as gracefully as Forrest wore it two hundred years ago? "Leaves have their time to fall," and so forth. It is said that there were no locomotives a century ago. How did Eph Horn come to give his celebrated imitations of the coming and the going of the iron horse! Go to; thou art a fossil! Ella Wesner was as sweet one hundred years ago as she is charming to-day; and Jennie Morgan, then a budding beauty, is a full-blown rose to-day! One hundred years ago we reported for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER particulars of the opening of the old Chatham Theatre, and the first dramatic performance ever given there! Alas! all that remains of its greatness is a bundle of furniture-stores and carpet-shops. But we have not time to pursue this subject further. We live in an age when time is money, and space is at a premium. It wasn't so one hundred years ago! ....."Cracked Heads," a burlesque of Mr. Gilbert's "Broken Hearts," is among the latest stage attractions. In the matter of "Cracked Heads" it is a question whether the players or the audience have the best of it.....but we shall be very glad to see it proved that a league in this city is getting up a corner in elephants. And this, too, at a time when everybody expects to *see* the elephant. .....Theatres generally like to be receivers, but they don't care to *admit* receivers, and yet to this complexion a few of them come at last, because they will find that precious axiom which says "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Good times are out of joint as well as the home of the poor man, and now another theatre is added to the list of those that have drifted out with the tide. Jimmy, put on a little of your goose-grease, and grind out a few lines:

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Another closes up playhouse
Is added to the host—
Another fated "opera-house"
Has "given up the ghost."
That much-loved phantom did not walk
The actor's fears to note;
The *backers'* business seemed to be
In sinking *backing out!*

.....And talking about men whose mission seems to be to back a show, reminds us that a paper of any other town would be the right place to make my appeal for Clown in a pantomine, I have a peculiar feeling that I would love to adopt the stage impersonation of the character of Geo L. Fox, the greatest living Clown of the age. My friends have advised me to adopt the stage, as they say that I will make my Mit as for me expressly, a pantomime full of comical saying & doings that would a mouse the people of New York. I have plenty of nerve & cheek to make that character a hit and to succeed the poor old Clown Fox. Knowing that your theatre is the best for a amateur to make his hit. Hoping you will not be offended by me writing this letter & will receive a reply, I remain yours

P. S.—Hope you will send me a favorable answer to this epistle so that I can prepair for Rehearsal at Home & let me know what you think about it.

CITY SUMMARY.

"Only Another."

TO THE MEMORY OF "STEVIE" ROGERS, AND INSCRIBED TO HIS FLORIDA AND MOTHER,
BY WILLIAM DEVERE.

Only another one gone with the angels,
Only another heart stilled from its beating,
Only another in Death's cold embrace;
Only another crossed the dark river,
Only another has gone the bright shore;
Only another soul happy forever,
Only another—our Stevie's no more.

Only another—poor mother is weeping;
Only another is looking above,
Only another is list'ning the greeting
From the dear voice in that happy home of love.
Only another sister is bowing
Low with the grief she can scarcely endure;
Only another poor heart is now breaking
Murmuring sadly: "Our Stevie's no more."

Only another is missed from the green-room,
Only another is "not in the programme,"
Only another is free from all care.
Only another has gone down the footlights,
Hushed be the sound of the welcome encore.
For the great Prompter has rung down the curtain
Upon our darling—dear Stevie's no more.

* * * * * * *

No more? Oh, yes; for the soul is immortal—
Look up above at some bright little star;
Try to imagine the eye of your darling
Watching dear father and mother afar;
Try to believe that He ever is with you—
Leaves remember that you were his love—
He takes from but those that are nearest and dearest,
Folding them first in the arms of His love.

New York City, March 5, 1876.

STEPHEN ROGERS died in this city on Friday morning, March 3, after an illness of less than two weeks' duration. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1853, and first appeared on the stage in his native place May 20, 1865, with Tillotson's Minstrels, doing a clog dance with Master John O'Brien. He continued to perform with minstrel companies, notably Cal Wagner's, Wright & DeCoss', W. W. Newcomb's and R. M. Hooley's, and in variety theatres, and while in St. Louis, Mo., in 1871, he formed a partnership with James Andrew H. McVea, and they together made their first appearance at the Fifth-street Opera-house, in that city, Nov. 10, in the sketch entitled Rebecca Jane." Thereafter they performed in many of the principal variety theatres and minstrel halls of the country. On Oct. 15, 1873, they sailed for London, Eng., having been engaged by T. W. Moore (who returned with them) to perform with Moore & Burgess' Minstrels in London, Eng. They made a pronounced success there, and during their engagement they often performed their specialties at the Gaiety Theatre, Aston, appearing without cork upon these occasions. They arrived here from England March 31, 1875, and at once joined Tony Pastor's Traveling Company, with which they continued during the entire Summer; and when Mr. Pastor opened his theatre, 585 Broadway, on Oct. 4, they were among his company, and so continued until Oct. 30, after fulfilling a few provincial engagements, they returned to this city, and commenced at the Globe Theatre, where they continued to appear in their specialties until Mr. Rogers was taken ill, and then Mr. McKee continued to work single-handed. Mr. Rogers contracted the infectious disease from which he died by visiting a lady friend who was ill, and subsequently died from the same cause. During his illness he was visited by some of his professional associates, who were in no danger of the contagion by reason of having previously suffered from it and recovered; they did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings and make him comfortable. During the early portion of the past week his symptoms were so favorable that it was thought he would recover; but it was not so ordained. His funerals took place from No. 43 East First street, on March 6, at two o'clock P. M. He left an aged father and mother, and many friends and acquaintances to mourn his early death. He was a faithful and dutiful son, and we are informed that for a long time he had sent his father $50 every month out of his wages. This act of filial duty speaks louder than words, and from those who knew him not may be able to form a fair estimate of his character.

MISS CLARA MORRIS is reported to be seriously ill. She is confined to her couch, and is suffering not only from her old malady of the spine, but also from a disorder of the lungs, which has affected her voice. It is said that she can speak aloud only for a few minutes at a time. Her physicians believe that her ailments are chronic; and if they are so, it is probable that she will not appear upon the stage again.

LESTER WALLACK was taken ill during the past week, and had to haul off for repairs. He has sufficiently recovered to warrant him in resuming his professional engagements.

FRANK CHESEMAN, Baker and Doyle, and Prof. Parker and his dogs will be added to the forces at Billy Pastor's Twenty-third-street Theatre March 6.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, E. W. Tullidge's Jewish play, "David Ben Israel, or From Under the Curse," will be produced for the first time in this city March 6. J. H. Vinson and Miss Amelia Waugh will sustain the chief characters.

BELVEDERE VARIETIES, this city, under the proprietorship of John F. Schroeder, with Tom Maxwell, stage-manager, is open for first-class talent. See advertisement.

TONY PASTOR adds to his already powerful company this week, Blanche and Leona Fontainebleau, Cotton and Birdne, Western and Walling, and Mlle. Kurtz.

GUS WILLIAMS, the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe, Professor Parker and his dogs, Charles Diamond, J. W. Sharpley and Tom Haywood were the newcomers at Tony Pastor's New Theatre during the past week. Gus Williams reappeared after a brief absence, and met with a hearty welcome. By the staging of his Dutch character songs and relating of witty anecdotes he kept his listeners in the best possible humor. It is seldom that an audience will permit this popular vocalist to make his final exit from the stage until he has responded to some five or six encores, and even then their manifestations evince that their appetites have not been thoroughly appeased. The Ballet Troupe, which was recently seen here, danced in "The Floral Fete," and later in "La Belle Espagne," Miss Bettie Remmelsburg being the central figure in each. Professor Parker has taught his dogs some new tricks since they were last seen in this city, and now one of them acts the part of a clown, and excites no little amusement. Ritherto Professor Parker had but one canine which was addicted to devotional exercises; and now, possibly, owing to a desire to emulate the revival laborrs at the Hippodrome, it has induced three of its companions to join in like devotions, and four dogs are seen seated in a row with their forepaws on the backs thereof and their heads bowed; and nothing can, apparently, induce them to change their positions until Mr. Parker ejaculates "Amen," when they cheerfully gambol off to their respective seats. Charles Diamond performed a song-and-dance, accompanying himself upon the harp, following with an agile clog-dance, and winding up with some very skillful performances upon the harp, all of which were liberally applauded. J. W. Sharpley performed a number of airs upon the concertina, and gave imitations of numerous other instruments, which were received with manifestations of pleasure. Tom Haywood, a good Ethiopian comedian, acted the chief characters in "Kitty and the Baby" and "The Gripsack," "Jim Crow Clarky Benedict, Billy Barnes, Eugene Blitz, Sam Rickey, Master Barney and Miss Addie Fiesk appearance, who created a favorable impression; and Poole's burlesque of "Julius Cæsar," filled out the bill.

MISS KATE FISHER began an engagement at Wood's Museum Feb. 28, acting in "Schamyl" and "The French Spy," which ran until Thursday evening, when the latter play gave place to "Schamyl," and that programme was continued the remainder of the week. Miss Fisher received solid support from the well-trained horse Wonder, and efficient aid from the ladies and gentlemen of the stock company. The attendance averaged fair. At the matinees A. H. Sheldon, H. Stewart, Mrs. Bennell, Nellie Sandford, Emily Maynard and others were seen in "Moll Pitcher."

THE OPENING of the Lenten season has slightly affected the attendance at all of the theatres.

FOR TWELVE WEEKS "Pique" has attracted large audiences to the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and the public desire to witness it still continues unabated. Miss Emily Rigl has been quite ill for some time past, and the character of Lucille Renfrew, hitherto acted by her, has since been impersonated in a very acceptable manner by Miss Kate Holland, who well serves commendation for her efforts to please. No matinee was given on Wednesday last.

THE AVERAGE BUSINESS at Wood's Theatre since our last report has continued large. The seventy-second performance of "Julius Cæsar" took place on the evening of March 4. During the past week the purchasers of tickets at the box-office were agreeably surprised at receiving their change in silver coin.

AN INCREASE in the attendance at the Twenty-third-street Opera-house was observable since the addition of the variety element to the programme on Feb. 28, when the minstrel first-part, the fresh selections included "Don't Forget Me," sung by Howard: "Chop, Chop," by Billy Gray; "Take this Letter," by Arthur Cook; "Weeping William," by Frank Moran; and "The Old Log-cabin," by J. Crocker. An attractive olio was given by the twin sisters French in their pleasing musical sketches; Herr Schulz in his wonderful facial delineations; Miss Jenny Morgan, who in an artistic manner sang several ballads; Nat C. Goodwin, who gave his clever imitations of well-known actors; Kirk and Drew, who were seen in songs-and-dances; and the sketch ran, W. H. Brockway, C. Howard, W. Kirk, and H. Drew.

OWING to some of the ladies being disappointed in not receiving the souvenir presented by Messrs. Shook & Palmer to their patrons on the centennial performance of "Rose Michel" on Feb. 28, a second souvenir night was arranged for Saturday evening, March 4, when every lady entering the auditorium received a duplicate of the souvenir given on Monday. "Rose Michel" the last nights of which are now announced, will give place on March 10 to "Ferreol" on March 20.

LITTLE MAC—who has entirely recovered the use of his right arm, which was badly injured by a recent accident—Johnny Allen, Fred Cavantine, and Johnson and Bruno are the newcomers this week at the Olympic Theatre.

A NEW EDIFICE for equestrian performances may possibly be erected within a short time upon the site of the Hippotheatron, on Fourteenth street, nearly opposite the Academy of Music. James Cook is talked of as being its manager. We think there is a good opening for that class of performances in this city, and see no reason why such an enterprise should not prove successful. London and Paris have their permanent circuses, why should not New York be similarly accommodated?

IT IS JENNIE CARROLL that is endeavoring to get a divorce from J. W. Carroll the actor, and not the reverse, as is stated in our past issue. The reference is grounded that it was void from the beginning. Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court said that he would require additional papers before he could pass upon the motion to confirm the report.

CHILDREN used to cry for Sherman's lozenges, but now they are more intellectual, and cry to go to Booth's Theatre. And Tooker favors them in their wild designs. Having captured Governors and Congressmen, etc., and shown them up in the presence of a delighted constituency, he now turns his attention to the public schools, and makes room for the coming men.

"THEY SAY" that Gilmore and his band will succeed Moody and Sankey at the Hippodrome. But Gilmore will not have the field to himself this season. Anticipating a large addition to our population, the theatres and halls will endeavor to run the season right along, if it takes all Summer.

THOSE who sigh for a "Passage-at-Arms" will take in Col. Monstery's Tournament at the Lyceum on Thursday, March 9.

A GOOD BUSINESS has been done by the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report. The changes in the programme were "Will You Love Me When I'm Old?" sung by W. Raymond; "Solid Dishes to the Front," by Billy Rice; and "I was Sighing in my Sleep," by Carl Rudolph, in the first-part. In the olio Johnson and Powers were seen as "The Tom and Jerry Twins," Birch, Backus, Ryman and Johnson gave "The Phour Tramps," and Add Ryman's clever burlesque entitled "Julius the Snoozer" was repeated for the finale.

AT THE PARK THEATRE "Brass" has attracted good-sized audiences during the past week. The dialogue is frequently changed and compressed, and the general effect of the performance has been thereby materially improved. The various ladies and gentlemen in the cast are now at ease, and the entire representation is smooth and enjoyable. At the matinee on March 11 every lady visiting the theatre will be presented with a memento-ring.

MISS EUNICE MOORE, vocalist, was the only fresh arrival at the Parisian Varieties the past week. The programme also included Mons. Carlyle and Son, posturers and equilibrists; Lew and Pauline Parker, the Arnold Brothers, J. C. Stewart, Minnie Hall, Mons. Fredericks, Hughey Hagaerty, George Atkins, and others. The ballet troupe appeared in "Masanielio." On Sunday night the Wilmington Jubilee Singers gave a concert. This week Little Pauline and her pony, and a new sketch, called "The Oneida Community," are to be the fresh features.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA SEASON opened at the Academy of Music on Monday, Feb. 28, "Martha" being presented, with Miss Kellogg as Lady Henriette, followed by "The Bohemian Girl" on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mrs. Seguin, who vocalized as the Gipsy Queen, Mme. Van Zandt portraying the part of Arline; Wednesday "Lucia di Lammermoor" was given, with Miss Kellogg in the title-role; and on Thursday, Mme. Van Zandt appeared as Elvira, with Mr. Castle as Ernani. Friday witnessed the first representation in this city by this troupe of Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," an event which called together a large and fashionable audience. An excellent recital of the opera was given, evoking a ready appreciation for the salient numbers of the work, as presented by the artists of this company, and the performances can be classed as in every respect a well-finished and successful one, considering the resources at command. It offered an agreeable surprise in the fact that a work which depends in part upon spectacular effects should, in the almost total absence of these, by the expression of the leading roles, the effect of a good chorus, and the clever management of the rather meagre stage resources, have proved sufficiently interesting to have merited the decided mark of approval given to the recital on this evening. Miss Kellogg as Catterina was in superb voice, and in the difficult numbers with which the role abounds accomplished a highly artistic result, especially in the intricacies of the elaborated passages, which were presented with the utmost ease and certainty. The part undoubtedly rank as high in her repertory of English roles, as it did in the Italian, and is among her best. If not from its merits a popular role, at least as a vehicle for exponent of this artist's ability. Mme. Rosenwald, a soprano possessed of a good method and a clear, powerful voice, especially in the upper register, offered an excellent impersonation of Prascovia. Mrs. Seguin and Miss Lancaster as the two vivandieres were both admirable in the few especial numbers of their characters; Mr. Conly's Peter did not present this gentleman in as satisfactory a light as some of his previous assumptions; and Mr. Maas as the pastry-cook, although weak in the first act, proved acceptable later on in the opera, the expressive quality of his voice winning for him what his want of power had lost. Mr. Peakes as a Kalmuck, afterward a corporal, was decidedly good in the buffo business of his role, and well filled out the grotesque requirements of the part. Mr. Morgan as Serjeiner was but passable, and the several subordinate characters were represented in an effective manner. The chorus evidenced a marked superiority over any of its predecessors, and proved one of the best we have had in English opera, the applause being well deserved. The capital disposition of the work in its entirety thus offered us one of the best first-night presentations we have had from this company, and the mise en scene was given of careful and painstaking rehearsals, presenting as a result an interpretation of Meyerbeer's opera worthy of praise and deserving of substantial approval. We append the cast: Catterina, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg; Prascovia, Mme. Rosenwald; Eximona, Mrs. Seguin; Nathalie, Miss Lancaster; Peter Michaeloff, Mr. Conly; George Skavronski, Mr. Morgan; Gritzeno, Mr. H. Peakes; Rainoldo, Mr. Marson; Ismailoff, Mr. Allen; Ichereswetoff, Mr. Plumer; Yermoloff, Mr. Anncreon; First workman, Mr. Holland; and Danilowitz, Mr. Joseph Maas. "The Bohemian Girl" was the bill for the Saturday matinee, with Mmes. Van Zandt as Arline; and "Maritanas," in the evening, presented Mme. Van Zandt in the title-role, with Mr. Castle as Don Cæsar. The repertory of the present week will include "The Star of the North," "Fra Diavolo," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Mignon" and "Rose of Castile." The company have made evident progress since their last visit, and have improved in both the lyric and dramatic requirements of the roles of their repertory, the effect of long association, frequent repetition and excellent rehearsals being palpably apparent in the capital interpretation of both the anglicized and English opera, the *ensemble* presenting one of the best English-opera troupes that have gratified New York audiences with their vocal and dramatic abilities.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The following brief summary includes the few prominent musical events of the week, outside of the admirable presentation of English opera at the Academy of Music by the Kellogg Troupe: On Feb. 29 Herr S. Liebling gave a concert at Steinway Hall, in which Mlle. Eugenie Pappenheim, soprano; Mr. Steins, bass; S. B. Mills, pianist; and Max Liebling, accompanist, were the participants.....On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. S. Warren performed the organ recitals, and Mrs. Kate Reed, soprano, vocalized at the organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity.....At Steinway Hall, March 1, Mme. Clara Lang-Ziegler, Messrs. Wulf Fritsch, Julius Boehm, Adolph Sohst, S. Wertheim, Alfred Boehm and Miss Sammie.....The New York Oratorio Society, combined with Theodore Thomas' orchestra, gave a concert of their season on Feb. 28. Liszt's "Christus" (first part), which is entirely new to American audiences, formed the principal feature of the bill, enlisting in its interpretation Miss Mary Werdard, basso; S. P. Warren, organist; the choir of the society, and a full orchestra, the performance of the work being under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and an aria from Handel's "Ezio," sung by A. E. Stoddard, were the other selections rendered.....The Woman's Centennial Union of New York have completed arrangements for a grand concert in aid of the Centennial Fund, to be given on Saturday, March 11. Theodore Thomas' orchestra has been secured, and some of the principal soloists in the city. On the following Saturday, 18, an operatic matinée will be held at the Academy of Music for the same object, under the direction of Mr. Strakosch. Titiens, Brignoli and other members of the company will appear.....Chas. Edward Horsley, the well-known organist and composer, and of late the organist at St. John's Chapel, and also choirmaster, died suddenly, Feb. 27, aged 51. His funeral took place March 2 from his late residence, in this city, and was largely attended by the musical profession. His remains will be taken to England for permanent interment.

THE MISSES KATE FORREST, Adele Sydney, Wenona Bridges, Emeline Cornstine, and Gussie Leach, Myles Morris, Naoni, Monti, Constantine, Charles Cummings and Mlle. Pauline, Harry Black, Smith, Conway, the past week at the Tivoli Theatre. For this week Lizzie Richmond, Miss Renner, Jenny Tournour, Andrew Gregory, George A. Verne and Bonnie Runnells are billed.

THE FRANK FRAYNE COMBINATION closed their engagement at the Bowery Theatre March 4, having acted "93, Slocum," preceded by "Seven Ages" and "Legacy," during the entire week to good business. March 6, J. M. Ward is announced to act in "Arrah-na-Pogue."

F. W. BEET, manager of Wade's Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., has engaged S. W. Laurey, cos-Finner, for one year, and he leaves this week; also the Worrell Sisters for a spectacular piece, and they leave March 6 for the same city.

J. M. WARD is to leave for California March 18.

WILLIAM WHALLEY, who has been seriously ill for some time past, was to have been removed to St. Joseph's Hospital on March 6. His wife and daughter are prostrated through watching and attending upon the invalid.

CHARLES WORDLEY, negro comedian, has been lying dangerously ill the past three weeks of erysipelas. He was given up by his doctors for weeks ago; but a change took place, and he had sufficiently recovered to warrant his walking out on March 5; but he is again confined to his bed, suffering from a relapse.

SIX CONTRABANDS and a premier dancer leave this city during the current week, having been engaged by Col. T. Allston Brown to be added to the present large 1 allet at the Wade Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal.

COL. L. MCDOUALL, formerly of Booth's Theatre, is now acting as treasurer of the Grand Opera-house.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN advertises the personal address of Oakes Rose, stage-manager of Grant & Gwynnette's West India Combination, and also notifies managers that Miss Kate Fisher has open dates in March and April.

SEVERAL MEMBERS of the Julia Mathews Opera Troupe have recently seceded and returned to this city.

SOME of our theatres are beginning to give silver in charge at the ticket-office. This is well. The ushers are always in the van in the matter of reform.

WILLIAM PASTOR notifies all parties having bills against the Twenty-third-street Opera-house, this city, to present the same for payment before March 11, he having disposed of his interest in that theatre. See card.

REV. HENRY MORGAN will lecture next Sunday evening at Cooper Institute, on the subject: "Voices of the Bells." The lecture is one of reform, and will be illustrated by cartoons explaining the principal points. The chimes of various church bells are interpreted.

SALE OF THE PARK THEATRE.—The Park Theatre was sold in foreclosure Feb. 28 to George W. Riggs, the well-known banker, for $1,000 above all encumbrances and back rents. The lease, dated March 24, 1868, was also included in the sale.

DRAMATIC.

In Memoriam.

H. H. HUBBARD.

Farewell to the actor man, and friend.
To the brilliant devotee of art, how sublime!
Your part in life's drama is at an end.
With the Grasper rest in a holier clime.
On the mighty stage of Death's realm
We shall only be judged by the pure and true;
No critic's pen nor other earthly spell
Can rob thee of Heaven's own immortelle.

MARK GRAYSON.

MAGGIE MOORE and J. C. Williamson are now in London, Eng., and all business communications should be addressed to Edgar Ray, as per card.

THE NEW YORK THEATRE was reorganized at Trenton, Mo., Feb. 25, and now comprises W. Reed, Whitney, Miss Jennie Navarre, Annie Reed, and little Annie. They performed in Princeton Feb. 26, 29, Centerton March 1, 2, Kirksville 3, 4. Thence through Iowa and Wisconsin.

AUGUSTIN DALY warns managers and the profession generally, in his card in this issue, not to produce, without permission, the play of "Pique;" and also publishes certain data in relation to a drama entitled "Piquet." The Fifth-avenue Company, now playing "Pique" in Washington, D. C., he announces as the only one authorized to produce this drama.

THORNE'S COMEDY COMPANY performed in Hickman, Ky., March 1, 2, 3, Charleston, Mo., 4, to remain 5, 6. Edwin Stuart is the stage-manager, and the company is journeying to the Pacific slopes.

WHITE & TURNER, theatrical managers, have dissolved copartnership, and the company is now known as Turner's New York Theatre. They performed in Lima, O., March 2, 4, 5, and are to show in Findlay 7, 8, 9, Fostoria 10, 11, 12.

AT CLEVELAND LETTER concerning amusements in India, from one of our correspondents, may be found in our foreign dramatic summary, in this issue.

FRANK MAYO'S "Davy Crockett" Troupe, under Joe P. Marston's management, played to fair houses in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 26, 29; thence to Columbus March 3, Montgomery, Ala., 2, Mobile, 3, 4, New Orleans one week, commencing 5.

MAGGIE MITCHELL and company are billed for Atlanta, Ga., March 6, 7, Chattanooga, Tenn., 8, Nashville 9, 10, 11, Memphis one week, commencing 13.

HAVEN & CO. advertise for dramatic artists, variety performers, vocalists, and a good agent.

"THE GLADIATOR," with John McCullough as Spartacus, was produced at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 28th ult., and for four evenings attracted good audiences. In consequence of the unexplained absence of E. F. Thorne, who had been cast for Phœnvius, that part was personated at short notice by W. R. Sheridan of the Chestnut-street Theatre. "RICHARD III" was produced March 3, the occasion of Mr. McCullough's farewell benefit, and "The Lady of Lyons" and "Metamora" were given on the afternoon and evening of March 4 for his concluding performances. Miss Bessie Darling concert an engagement on the 6th of March in Barton Hill's drama of "Magnolia."

OUR NEW ORLEANS, LA., correspondent, under date of Feb. 29, writes as follows: "It is estimated there are about 60,000 strangers within our gates attendant upon the carnival festivities, and many of them have already devoted several days and numerous shekels to the pleasures of the gay metropolis. Under this stimulating influence, theatrical amusements have experienced during the past week a wonderful revival, and all of them have received a share of the festival wave. The attendance has generally not only been large, but of the demonstrative and hilarious quality, which denotes the presence of a large element of provincial jollity. At the St. Charles Theatre Edwin Adams has been the star, giving us his well-known portrayal of Enoch Arden, Rover in 'Wild Oats,' etc. The supporting cast by the company has been generally good. Last night (28), 'Wild Oats' and 'Black-eyed Susan' constituted the bill, and to-night 'Black-eyed Susan' will be followed by the usual Mardi-Gras ball. During the progress of the carnival, clad in full regalia, with long, flowing white hair and beard, attended by his retinue and staff, made his appearance, and passed through the audience to one of the boxes, especially decorated for his reception. The play was at once suspended, the orchestra struck up 'If Ever I Cease to Love,' and the audience made the welkin ring with three cheers as the King took his seat. When the excitement had subsided, Edwin Adams (Duke of Arden) stepped forward on the stage, and in a very neat, well-delivered speech, presented to his Royal Majesty a beautiful crown and a bouquet of flowers, after which the play proceeded.....At the Varieties Theatre, F. S. Chanfrau made his entree last night, before a thoroughly crowded house, in 'Sam.' He was warmly greeted, and the play passed off well. The support was well rendered by the company. Between the first and second acts of the play, the King of the Carnival and his staff, escorted by Chas. T. Howard, president of the Varieties Club (the corporation to which the theatre belong

FROM TORONTO, ONT., our correspondent sends the following, under date of March 3: "The performances given the former part of the week at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house were well patronized, i. e., Tilton, Feb. 28; amateur theatricals on behalf of the Queen's Own Rifles, when 'The Soldier's Daughter' was played, Mrs. Morrison as Widow Cheerly, Feb. 29; T. G. Rigg opening March 1 in 'The Irish Detective,' and playing 'Votes' 2, 'Peep o' Day' 3, to fair houses; C. L. Farwell as Richard Stockton, J. R. 'Grismer as William Hoyt, J. Sambrook as Adolphus Tiverton, Mary Davenport as Grace Hoyt, and Mrs. Marlowe as Sally Racket gave excellent support in their various characters. Dominick Murray in 'Escaped from Sing Sing' comes March 6, for one week.....The Ada Gray Combination inaugurates a new season at the Royal Opera-house Feb. 26 with the following company: Manager, W. H. Brent; business-manager, Frank Beresford; agent, Harry C. Bunley; Ada Gray, Kate Durand, Grace Howard, Nellie Nelson, May Preston, Kate James, Mrs. S. A. Nash, F. G. Campbell, W. H. Brent, Louis Grissel, George Ober, W. H. Compton, and H. Phillips. 'The New Magdalen' was played Feb. 26 at matinee, 'Article 47' evening, 'East Lynne' 28, 'Camille' 29, 'Man and Wife' March 1, 'Lady Audley's Secret' 2, 'Lucretia Borgia' 3. The houses have been large, and the performance very fair on the whole. The managers say that it was T. Winter Cole who dishonored the credit of the company while in London, Ont., and to him alone is due the whole of the bad reports circulated concerning the Ada Gray Company. Route ahead given as Belleville 6, 7, 8, Prescott 9, 10, 11, Ottawa 13, one week."

MUSICAL.

CHARLES B. GUESTE has been engaged as business-manager for the Richings-Bernard Opera Troupe.

ISAAC STECK died at his home in Brownsville, Pa., Feb. 6, of consumption, at the age of 24 years and 28 days. He had been a member of the orchestra with Clara Wildman's Comedy Company for two years past, and prior to that had been with the Helen D'Este Company for a like period. He had many friends and acquaintances throughout the country, who will grieve to hear of his death.

YOUNG LADIES who are instrumentalists can secure engagements by addressing "G. F. 5," care of this office.

A NICHOLAS AMATI violin, which is advertised as a genuine instrument, is offered for sale.

J. M. RAY, leader of orchestra, E-flat or trombone in brass player, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

THE HAMPTON COLORED SINGERS gave concerts at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre March 3, 4, to small audiences.

"I'VE ONLY BEEN DOWN TO THE CLUB" and other popular songs are published by Harding, who advertises.

A DOUBLE-BASS and E-flat tuba-player wants a position. See C. F. Weltzier's card.

J. C. BOYD, baritone singer, advertises for an engagement with a concert or minstrel troupe. He states that he has specialties in descriptive songs.

THE NORTH CAROLINIANS sing at Erie, Pa., March 13, Union City, Corry 15, Titusville 16.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY is announced to appear at Bridgeport, Ct., March 17.

BLIND TOM performed in Wheeling, W. Va., March 2, Steubenville, O., 4, and is billed for Pittsburg, Pa., 6, 7, Cleveland, O., 8, Salina 9, Columbus 10, Cincinnati 11.

IN BOSTON they now are having another positively last season in the shape of Madame Titiens and her troupe of vocalists, who opened an engagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, Feb. 28, in Bellini's "Norma." The house, notwithstanding that the night was an exceedingly stormy one, was crowded, and indeed the business during the week was very large. There were no operas given Tuesday and Friday, but on Wednesday "Trovatore" was presented, "Favorita" Thursday, and on Saturday afternoon "Norma," for this week "Lucretia Borgia" Monday; Wednesday, "Trovatore;" Thursday, "Don Giovanni," and the Madame bids farewell on Saturday afternoon.

THEODORE THOMAS' last symphony-concert was given on Wednesday night, March 1, in Music Hall, Boston, and his farewell matinee on Saturday afternoon..... This farewell matinee on Saturday afternoon..... This farewell matinee on Saturday afternoon..... This

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DURING THEIR ENGAGEMENT AT COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE:

The Fieldings (John and Maggie) nightly were compelled to answer to five encores. These artists are the best in their line who have appeared in Brooklyn. The picture that they present of Irish people is not exaggerated. Neither do they, as most of the so-called Irish performers do, use vulgar language. They do not believe that, to enact the part of Irish persons, they must garnish their speech with wretched puns, etc. The singing of the Fieldings is very fine, and Maggie Fielding, in her lecture on "Temperance," won the applause of the audience.—THE SUNDAY SUN, Feb. 27.

The Fieldings, whose praises we quoted last week, have fully borne out the character given them by the management. They made a decided hit, and for the present week will introduce a new and original comedy called "The Irish Soldier."—BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE.

The Fieldings garner one of their sheaves of live and altogether excellent Irish sketches. The Fieldings are a success.—DAILY ARGUS.

The Fieldings (John and Maggie), Irish sketch artists, came next, and were received with tumultuous applause. They are certainly the best performers of Irish sketches, the best singers of Irish characteristic songs, that we have ever seen. Last night they were obliged to appear three times. Their most successful appearance being in a brief, original comedy, called "The Irish Soldier." In the course of the sketch the Fieldings star a song concerning the Irish panoplied car, with the chorus, "Hi! hi! hi!" and sing it in such a manner as to bring down the house.—BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, Feb. 29. 50-1t*

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HARRY J. CLAPHAM, Manager. COL. ROBERT FILKINS, General Agent.
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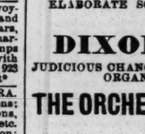
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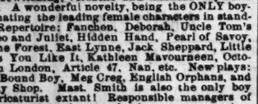
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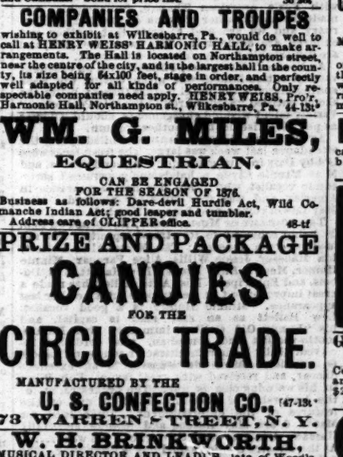

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